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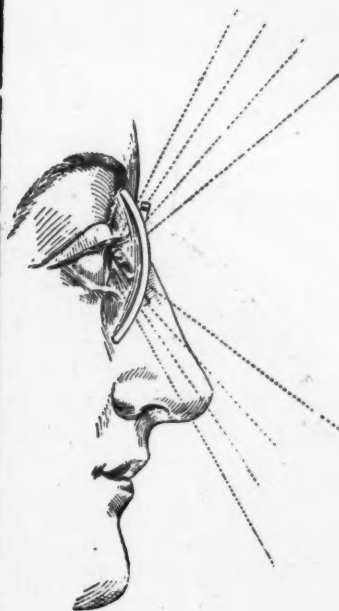
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Mr. Folk Can Kill the Breeders' Law

By William Marion Reedy

ANY measure for the repeal of the Breeders' Law that does not make of race gambling a felony will be effective. Make the taking of bets on racing a felony, and the law will be feared. Bring race betting under the provisions of the gambling law, and it will be as effectively squelched as faro or keno. Any or all bills that fail to treat the race gambling evil in this way are worthless.

There are signs that the gambling syndicate will make a fight against repeal in the Senate. The fight will have to be made in devious ways. Repeal will be prevented, if at all, by trickery, by nullifying amendments, or by elaborately concocted differences as to detail that will leave the law untouched at the end of the session. A fight will be made against making the setting up of a betting book a felony. The plan is to leave it a misdemeanor. Then the cases made under the law will be tried in minor courts, where the pull may prevail. They may be continued and then appealed, and again and again delayed in decision, until the public forgets its interest in the matter. Besides, a big race gambling business might easily effect an arrangement of arrests and pay a fine much as it would pay a license. Such an arrangement would strengthen a monopoly, for only a monopoly heavily staked could stand heavy fines. The profits would be big enough to make the heaviest fine a mere bagatelle.

There is not one valid argument for the Breeders' Law. It does not tend to improve the breed of horses for any productive purpose. It only develops the horse into a gambling machine. The proceeds of licenses of books and race tracks go to a State Fair fund. If a State Fair fund can only be maintained on the proceeds of granting gambling privileges prolific in the making of loafers and thieves and murderers and suicides, then it were better there should be no Fair fund. If the people are to be robbed of millions in order that the State may gather in a few thousand dollars a year the State is in a debased partisanship with systematized theft. No one wins at racing, but those who run the tracks. Eventually, they get in the various assessments against owners and book-makers all the money the books take from the public in the shape of the game-keeper's percentage. Big winners come and go. Their rolls vanish. Only the race game managers grow steadily in wealth. In this State the commonwealth has no real control of racing. That control is really vested in an association outside the State which is in the nature of a trust. A new race track cannot be opened in Missouri without the consent of the Western Jockey Club of Chicago.

The State has no more right to license betting on horse races within or without race track enclosures than it has to license poker or faro, or keno, or craps, or three-card monte or the green goods game or lock trick, or any form of the confidence or bunko game. The evil of race track betting is as general and as insidiously ruinous as ever was the lottery, and

wheresoever it flourishes it corrupts politics and imperils business, renders property unsafe and menaces men's lives and women's virtue. The State can be no partner in the maintenance of a vice that flowers into crime, without paying penalties in the consequences flowing from the operation of the vice so maintained. Race tracks and the gambling contingent inseparable therefrom, are fomenters of all forms of lawlessness. Therefore, only the heaviest possible penalties should be laid upon those who set up institutions to foster gambling. Effectively discourage and prevent gambling, and you minimize loafing, theft, debauchery, murder and suicide, and extirpate a source of political pollution. Race gambling numbers more votaries to-day than any other form of gambling known, and the evils resulting from it affect the life of the individual, and the community more directly and in more numerous ways than any other form of vice. It ruins business men, tempts employes to theft, turns boys and men from legitimate work, lures girls and women to moral ruin, debauches public officials, breaks the hearts of wives and mothers over the disgrace it brings on their husbands and children.

Against all this there is to be urged nothing but the plea that gambling can't be suppressed, and that regulation is therefore the proper method of dealing with it. What does regulation do? It falls into the control of those whom it is designed to regulate. The interpretation of any regulative law always leans to the broadest toleration of the evil with which it is concerned, and such toleration is the result of the venality of those seduced by money or political power promised and paid by the interests benefiting by the toleration. Gambling can be suppressed—at least, gambling by wholesale, gambling that tempts people by the thousands. The lottery couldn't be suppressed, but it is. Faro couldn't be suppressed, but it is. Keno couldn't be stopped, but it is. As with all these devices, so with race gambling. Make it a felony and only the very desperate few will only very sporadically risk the chance of the penitentiary for the profits of the rake-off or "the excitement of the game." No offense the commission of which involves the shaven pate, the striped suit, the abandonment of a name for a number, the immurement for years and loss of citizenship will ever become general.

Will our reform Governor Folk use his invincible influence in Missouri to wipe the Breeders' Law off the statutes which it disgraces by its fraudulency and put the making of books on races and the acceptance of bets on races anywhere at any time a felony punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary? The Legislature will do what he says, absolutely. In that way he will save hundreds of young men and old from mental, moral, financial and physical ruin, and all their womenkind from sorrow. In no other way of vice to-day do so many feet "take hold on hell."

Reflections.

By William Marion Reedy.

President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan.

MR. BRYAN is throwing bouquets at President Roosevelt these days. When you come to think about it, there isn't a great deal of difference between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan. The only difference in principle is that Mr. Roosevelt holds his ideas in proper relationship to one another, while Mr. Bryan lets now this idea, now that, and again another, break out, and go to doing fantastic, freakish stunts in the realm of the Fourth Dimension. President Roosevelt is a man of not less passionate imagination than Mr. Bryan. The one is no more devoted to the betterment and elevation of his fellows than the other. Each man is impulsively honest. But while Mr. Bryan takes things at their first impression value, and not usually with any endeavor to distinguish between apparent and real conditions, Mr. Roosevelt turns all matters over in his mind and looks at a thing less segregated, less by itself, and more in all its possible relations to other things which may and do condition it or qualify it. Mr. Bryan jumps at the apparent absoluteness of this or that thing, fact or idea. President Roosevelt has regard for relativity in all matters. President Roosevelt is not above calling upon others to look at things for him with their eyes in order to establish his own relativity to the matters that need his consideration. Mr. Bryan, so far as I have heard, has never had any advisers. Most of those with whom he associates are ever "sitting at the feet of Gamaliel." They worship, and Mr. Bryan does not consult. Wherefore Mr. Bryan lacks the benefit of a synthesis and lives in a region where there is no fellowship for him. President Roosevelt is a strong, willful, even egotistic man, but compared with the self-centredness of Mr. Bryan, in an idealistic sense, the President is a large, deliberative assemblage. He whom our extravaganzists have called "tameless Teddy" is tractable where Mr. Bryan is not. The Nebraskan, for all his popularity, is much of an ascetic. His altruism is somewhat hard, as his emotion is actoresque. There is that in Mr. Bryan which marks the bigot, and this we saw manifest in his prolonged irreconcilable attitude towards his daughter's marriage. His geniality has ever been superficial. His moral severity, in which the President is his ally, is that of a man who seems never to have been tempted to any of the darling sins that give life so much of its color and tone, while Roosevelt is a man who acts as if he has been through the mill. The President is supposed to be difficult, but he is much more human and genially negotiable than Bryan. Roosevelt is broader, deeper, more plastic in spirit than Bryan. He may be a little weaker on the human side, in fact, I think he is more prone to make allowances, although I must say that latterly Mr. Bryan has mellowed considerably in many ways, and his approval of the President comes, I'd have you observe, immediately after he forced himself to call upon his daughter and her husband in New Orleans, and so far thawed out as to kiss his grandchild and forgive its parents.

♦♦

State Board vs. Home Rule.

REPUBLICANS are howling against misgovernment in this city by State Boards. There has been such misgovernment. There has been like misgovernment in city boards, both appointive and elective. We have had bad government in one man offices. The

point is plain. All depends upon the man in the case. The good man or good men, city or State, appointive or elective, will give good government. No system will insure good government, because evil ingenuity can "beat" any system. Home rule for St. Louis sounds well, yet State interposition was about the only protection St. Louis had from its home-grown Ziegenheinism. We raised our own boodlers from among our own people. None was imposed upon us from Jefferson City. Our elected Collector some years ago gave more scandal than ever came out of the gubernatorially appointed Excise Commissioner's handling of the saloon licenses. We have had many excellent Police Boards given us by Governors and many bad School Boards, that we chose for ourselves. We have had good boards when we have had good men in them—that is all. And the State boards and appointees have, in the main, been cleaner than our own products in politics. Home rule for St. Louis means nothing but more trouble of the old kind, and especially it means the sort of evil, difficult to fight, which grows out of coalescences between bad elements in both the great parties. The State board is a pretty good check on the city. It is a body that is dominated to an extent by a sentiment and a force outside of the city, and the dominant influence is pretty apt to be kept straight for fear of the country sentiment. The worst State boards we have had have been those most nearly exclusively representative of the local element in politics. The Boards most in touch with the men who run St. Louis have been the worst. Home rule is no cure for our troubles unless it begins right at home with every citizen. Gov. Folk is right in not rushing madly to the abolition of the State boards that have "governed" St. Louis for forty years. By far the greater part of that time they have governed well. Any system is good, even at its worst, if administered by good men, and good men are not always on top in this or any other city. I have seen some Home Rule in this city that was almost as bad as Home Beer.

♦♦

"Frats" and Sororities.

A CHICAGO school superintendent has said that he believes that High School fraternities and sororities are bad, because they make for class distinctions and snobbishness. The Chicago superintendent is "seeing things." "Frats" and "sors" are not dangerous. Such organizations can't exist among those as young as high school scholars on any basis of snobbishness. The school is too near the people for that. There are too many of the children of the \$2,500 home, of the small rented flat, even of the tenement to permit the flourishing of snobbery. The boys excluded from "frats" would enforce the natural democracy of the school, and the girls—well, all girls incline to be snobbish at a certain age, but most of them get over it soon, because their hearts are too good naturally to permit them to stay snobs. The republic isn't in danger from the frats and sororities—not yet.

♦♦

Mr. Hawes' Position.

FOR the benefit of many readers who are unable to co-ordinate the MIRROR's criticism of Mr. Harry B. Hawes, now, with the paper's good words for him before, a few personal words are in order. There is no more fascinating fellow in the world than Harry B. Hawes. He has good looks of the manly sort, is a model of graceful manners, has a great gift for "mixing," is interested in all sorts of things, from sport to literature, makes a splendid speech, both as to form and content, is quick in political tactics,

courageous, suavely diplomatic, careless of money, an easy fitting chum for a lounge or an outing, and gifted particularly in giving to anyone he fancies a very pleasant exaltation of the ego. Mr. Hawes is a brilliant politician. He is a blend of Bill Goebel of Kentucky and Bill Stone of Missouri, and of Beveridge of Indiana. He is cool, shrewd, magnetic and capable of enthusiasm. His preference is for clean things, for he has some culture, and he clings to the gentlemanly tradition of the South, and drops readily into the chivalric strain of—well, of a younger and more sophisticated Henry Watterson. He is subtle and supple withal, a furnace when necessary, and an ice wagon when more necessary, that is, when his interest demands it. He's a politician and must fib. There is no other way of disentangling oneself in politics. One can't go far or long in politics without being something of a deceiver, without letting men think one says things one does not say. Mr. Hawes is a compromiser, but he fights when he has to, though never more than he has to. And all he does is carried with a style and grace all his own that no one can resist when in range of their radiations. Thus is Hawes, briefly sketched, an affable, gallant, accomplished and not too scrupulous manipulator of men, a man whose sheer attractiveness of personality makes one utterly forget that he's a politician, and must, by virtue of his nature, act as politicians do, shiftily. It is no confession at all one makes in saying he likes Harry Hawes. Everybody does. He wins people just as that hero wins us with his debonnaire manner, in spite of his defects, in "Cavalleria Rusticana," or as a somewhat more genuine Barry Lyndon of politics might charm one. As for the MIRROR's criticism of Mr. Hawes, there is only to be said that when the race track gambling syndicate, through its daring hoggishness, becomes an issue Mr. Hawes is found to be its attorney, to have been, and still to be, its chief political reliance and support. The members of that Vice Trust are his political friends, and he, in politics and vicariously through friends in office, and by virtue of his own political potency, though that is weakening, is fighting their battle against the forces of general decency demanding the Vice Trust's extinction. When Mr. Hawes exculpates himself for this vile connection by crying out that he is attacked in the interest of Butler, he is disingenuous to the point of dishonesty. Mr. Hawes is pretending to fight Butler because he hopes in that way to ingratiate himself with Gov. Folk, who hates Butler. Mr. Hawes has never fought Butler on the square. Their open differences have always masked a secret understanding, which is no new thing in politics. Mr. Hawes cannot point at Butler's iniquities and expect the people to forget or ignore that he is hand in glove with the infamous Vice Trust, and that this Vice Trust attained its fullest power during the coincidence of his supreme authority in the political organization of the local Democracy, and his absolute dictatorship in the Police Department. Mr. Hawes is with the people he deliberately chose to be with, and if he is soiled and besmirched by the association, it is his fault, and no one's else. He fights for the Vice Trust with all his unofficial political power, and with whatever remains to him of his once unquestioned official sway as head of the police. That he is the attractive sort of man I have described only makes him the more dangerous champion of the foul business with which he has allied himself politically. The full measure of his devotion to and dependence on the Cella-Adler-Tilles triumvirate of great grafters did not appear til Butler, withdrawing all support from him in city

politics, forced him into the open as an apologist and supporter, and beneficiary of the rankest, rawest, rottenest robbers' roost that ever cursed this or any other community. What may happen to Mr. Hawes or his political fortunes is only a trifling, and quite incidental matter in the present fight against the Vice Trust. The Vice Trust, symbolized as the CAT, must be destroyed. If such destruction of necessity involves the political destruction of Mr. Hawes, the tail must go with the hide. *De minimis non curat lex*, and were Mr. Hawes a thousand times a more charming fellow than he is, his warmest admirer could not consistently favor the continuation of such a leprous evil as the Vice Trust, for his especial benefit, political or personal. Mr. Hawes may be better than Col. Butler, though 'tis only proven that he is more beautiful, and it is never certain for more than half an hour that the two are at actual odds, but if he be better than Col. Butler, that is no reason why his race-gambling, bucket-shop grafting, craps skinning friends should be allowed defiantly to flourish in their general feculence as a reward of his virtue and as a tribute to his mesmeristic pulchritude.

♦♦

No Blue Laws.

MR. FOLK'S St. Louis appointments are all good ones. The men are high class intellectually, and not so puritanically stiff-backed as to threaten us with a blue law administration. I don't expect to see cobwebs on the hack-wheels or the saloons converted into speak-easies or blind tigers. Mr. Folk's appointees are not going to try to force our angelic wings to sprout and personal liberty leagues need not be preparing themselves for violent eruptions.

♦♦

The "Free Bridge" Talk.

SOME people are making a good deal of fuss over a free bridge. There's no need of fussing. A free bridge is a good thing—at least the word "free" in front of anything makes it look good. The Real Estate Exchange wants the city to put \$3,000,000 into a free bridge. All right—but the city can't spare the \$3,000,000 from other works much and immediately needed, and dare not exceed its debt limit fixed by the charter. But suppose the city has the money and we build the bridge, what then? The bridge is free, of course, but what railroads will use it? None. The railroads will use the bridges which they own themselves. Without the railroads, what would support the bridge? The wagon traffic, street car lines, pedestrians? Not much. A new bridge will simply sink money in the river, or at least the existing bridges would buy it in for a song after it had been demonstrated that the bridge as a separate enterprise wouldn't pay. So much for a third bridge. Now, as to making the two present bridges free—how's it to be done? What and who are to pay for the bridges and terminals? They can't be operated for nothing. The distance across the river has to be covered in transporting goods, and goods cannot be transported for nothing. A free bridge is an impossibility. "Absorbing the bridge toll" is only a bit of transportation faith-cure. The toll will be in the bill somewhere between shipper and consignee and there's no getting around it. There's nothing will wipe out the bridge arbitrary but competition between the roads. That competition we have not now, and we are not likely, in the present status of railroad affairs, to get it. So what's the use of talking of a free bridge, when a free bridge would have no business to transact, as the experience of the builders of the Merchants' Bridge proved, and the maintainance of the

structure without any revenue therefrom would simply be another drain upon the city's resources with no compensation whatever.

♦♦

Our Police and Politics.

MUCH talk we hear of police reform. All the reform the police force needs is to be taken out of politics and politics to be taken out of the force. There will not be a whimper against the police if the force is left to the management of Chief of Police Kiely and Chief of Detectives Desmond and their superiors in the Board let them do police duty and quit ordering them to make arrests for political purposes or to ignore offences committed by men with political pulls. The force is excellent as a police force. It is a damned Russian tyranny as a political machine, and the politicians make it so. It is infamous that a man who won't do a boss' bidding should be thrown into jail, and his friends, too, and held for twenty hours. It is atrocious that the police should club men for no other offence than being on the wrong side in politics. It is damnable that police should be forced to work with crooks whom they should be arresting, simply because the head of the police force is also the head of a club to which political and other crooks are welcome. A decent fellow in the saloon business who falls out with a political boss can be driven out of business by police persecution, while the keeper of a brothel or a fence or a thieves' resort is immune against police interference so long as he is "right" with the head of the political machine. The police force is all right until it gets in politics. When its members are heavily assessed in their salaries for political purposes, they make up the deficit by shaking down the people—lawful or lawless, makes no difference—on their beats. Politics makes the police league with the elements they should suppress, and politics simply binds the head of the department hand and foot, when he may not discipline some drunken or rowdy or crooked subordinate who has a political pull. It is beautiful, too, to see some thief or harbinger of thieves, who has a pull, swaggering into the rooms of police officials and doing everything but giving orders. Make the Chief of Police and the Chief of Detectives the heads of their departments; let them attend, as they prefer, to police business, and keep out of politics and the police will be all right. There are no better police officials in the world—and this is not guff, either—than Matthew Kiely and William Desmond, and they have always worked under a heavy political handicap, too. They are not to blame for obeying orders from their superiors in the Police Board. The faults of the St. Louis police department are all political and those faults will disappear when the Police Board is made up of men who won't prostitute the force to politics. The new Police Board will not find on the force the equals of Kiely and Desmond, as police officials, and it is to be hoped that they will not be looking for policemen to tyrannize over and terrorize the people for political ends.

♦♦

'Pon Honor.

DR. JESSE, President of the State University, has determined to put the students upon honor. Those that have to be formally pledged not to crib, copy, fudge and fake won't keep the pledge.

♦♦

Archbishop Harty In Manila.

A COPY of the Manila *American* coming to this office, has interesting news of a much loved former St. Louisan, Archbishop Harty. It seems that the Archbishop is doing something novel in the Philip-

pines. He is putting down a schism, which is an insurrection in the Church, without any methods such as have in the past been directed to that end in a land which inherited a predisposition to the Inquisition. A Father Aglipay over there, has created a sort of reformation movement on a small scale. He's a little Luther, a sort of Pere Hyacinthe, and a smaller Father Chiniquy. He wants to secede from Rome and set up a sort of National Filipino church, on a liberalistic basis. His alliances have been with the party to which Aguinaldo formerly belonged, with the free-thinkers in religion and the radicals in politics. He is, if not openly, then furtively, anti-American in his beliefs and his agitations, and he has drawn or had drawn to himself a large following, attracted chiefly by the patriotic sentiment in favor of a church of their own and the general ill-feeling against the friars, who gobbled the land of the people, practically reduced them to peonage, and led lives such as we cannot in this country conceive of in relation to any priestly office. From the Manila *American's* editorial I gather that recently there has been a great pilgrimage to a certain shrine, known as that of "the Virgin of Antipolo," and that half a million natives have visited the shrine, participated in the Virgin's procession and in other ceremonies, signifying their adherence to the church, because if they were separated from the church they would not enter into the ceremonies, even if they gathered at Antipolo to see the crowds. The *American* says that the event signifies "a wholesale desertion from Aglipay," and that "it can only be described as a monster indorsement of Archbishop Harty's administration." We read further, and this, by the way, in a secular and not a religious paper, so far as I have been able to make out: "Every excuse for schism has been done away with. The Filipinos have now the privilege of participating in the highest rewards for faithful service to their church. All barriers against the advancement of the Filipino clergy have been thrown down and now merit will win its reward. With the arrival of Archbishop Harty, the errors in church government which led to schism have been corrected and the unprecedented gathering of the Filipino people was their endorsement of the new church policy. Slowly but surely Archbishop Harty is making the paths straight. Beginning with Manila, he has slowly extended his influence to the ends of the archipelago, and as the months pass and sober thought takes the place of fanaticism, Aglipay's religious bark is being deserted and the people are finding a haven of safety in the old church." It seems that Archbishop Harty has taken hold of affairs in a way to make the church more likeable than it was under European leaders. He has done much to make the Aglipayans lose not only their resentment against the church, but against the Americans. He has also made the conservatives feel that as an American he is not going to corrupt the old founts of faith. He has helped along the cause of the American pacification, how much only those can say who know how deeply religion enters into the lives of the islanders. He has done it all by the simple force of goodness working with brains. He is doing for the Filipinos, in a large way, what he did in a small way in his parish in St. Louis. He is the man who civilized Kerry Patch, who uplifted that once wild region into a prosperously populous and progressive section of the city, who gave his people an effective solidarity for honest, cleanly, temperate living, and was the ideal *soggarth aroon*, or dear Irish priest, in what once was known as "the Rome of America." Archbishop Harty is a big man, as we say, and I am speaking of him not with regard

to his moral victory over schismatics, so-called, but solely with regard to his force for uplifting people not only spiritually, but materially, for civilizing them and touching them with the passion for that culture which is right feeling to and for all good and ennobling things in life, even aside from the religious aspect of betterment.



Varrellman's Job.

THE MIRROR understands that Mr. Charles Varrellman, the alleged Street Commissioner of St. Louis, wants to resign, and Mayor Wells won't let him. Mr. Varrellman's signal incompetency has been brilliantly demonstrated in the condition of the streets since the big snow storm of last week. It is said in extenuation that the emergency was too big and sudden to be met. This reminds me of Gen. Alger's complaint that he had an excellent war department organization until the Spanish war came along and disarranged and dislocated it. Varrellman doesn't want, and has never wanted his job, and he has filled it just as a man would who feels that way about it.



A Foolish Article.

CAPT. ALGERNON SARTORIS, U. S. A., a grandson of Gen. U. S. Grant, has distinguished himself by writing a patronising, shabby, snobby article for *Harper's Weekly* about Society in Washington, D. C., in which he disparages with thin qualifications the young women and older matrons of the capital in quite an offensively superior fashion. Doubtless there are tuft-hunters, bounders, climbers and such in abundance in Washington, but that capital society is anything like the dreary and inane aggregation of social atoms Capt. Sartoris makes it out to be is highly improbable, to say the least. The descendant of U. S. Grant is in bad business when he disparages the people of the governmental center of the country that his father saved, and whose people loved him. Capt. Sartoris' article is not only an evidently superficial view of the case, but where the personal note makes its appearance it reveals the author himself as a silly sort of person not capable of an accurate estimate of the subject upon which he writes. The Captain's sketch of Washington society shows him a rather shallow person altogether, and his philosophic conclusion that "Washington is upon the whole, retrograding," is not borne out by the general observation of other people who go there and observe intelligently. There are as many nice people in Washington as ever, and the faults which Capt. Sartoris enlarges upon are the stock foci of all slap-dash criticism that is written about the social life of any American city. Of course Washington "isn't deah ole Lannon, ye know," but Capt. Sartoris shouldn't be too hard on it for that, and very few will believe that he speaks the thing which is when he tells us how the young women, forward and too free, throw themselves at the wearers of titles in the diplomatic set, and that the liberty of girls proves in the result as conclusively as he thinks it does, that they are not capable of taking care of themselves. Likewise, it is probably not true that any considerable number of "uxorious pensioners" make it a rule to subsist on free drinks and introduce young men to the flourishing vice of the city, and that in the clubs it is as much the custom as he intimates for men to sit around and talk about women in a manner such as he never knew to be tolerated in any other city in the world. Capt. Sartoris is a sensationalist, and the worst of it is that he can't write well. After a careful reading of the article to which I refer, it

will surprise me if some of the clubs in which he made his observations do not shortly bring him to task for making them public in the way he has done, and it may be that some of the army men will be inclined to construe his article strictly, and place it very close to an offence unworthy of an officer and a gentleman. The whole tone of his opusculum is so inanely offensive that one can only surmise that it was his name, and nothing else, that secured its acceptance and publication by the "journal of civilization."



Meriwether to the Bat.

LEE MERIWETHER, who was elected Mayor of St. Louis on the Municipal Ownership issue in 1901, and was counted out, as every practical politician in both the old parties has since admitted, is entering the field again. He has been said to be discredited with his followers, but we shall see what we shall see. If he is his old self, and his power with his former supporters remains what it was, he will make things hum. He has more to run on than he had before, better object lessons to show the people, a larger audience predisposed to consider his programme. Look out for Meriwether; he's a wizard in his way, and both the old parties locally are badly spattered with their own filth and badly split in the bargain.



"The Testimony of the Suns."

A LITTLE book containing a big poem has come my way. It is published by W. E. Wood of San Francisco, and is called "The Testimony of the Suns." The author is George Sterling. The author has a splendid vigor of thought and phrase, and the whole effect of his poem is that of a nervous yet stately power, such as should naturally be induced by contemplation of the sidereal sublimities. He is a master of the vowelous line, ringing now steadily deep, now highly clear. The ideas have a sweep that is inspiring. Mr. Sterling boldly questions the infinities, and frames his answer, which is the answer of all the eternal questions—nothing. The final total effect is somewhat that of a sonorous, more artistic "Kasidah." One is reminded, too, of the Rubaiyat, though but distantly, for these tense and terse or mellow and rounded, or sharp or plangent quatrains have more fibre in them. The thought is less sugared. Mr. Sterling knows how to make his words fit what may be called the atmosphere of an idea, and so the quatrains often become as much pictures as they are music. Dealing with the immensities and eternities, the thought of Mr. Sterling never becomes confused into vague fumbling impotence. He uses his lines simply, and yet he contrives that they carry weighty meanings, and his imagination never degenerates into mere fancy. There is gristle in almost every quatrain for mental mastication, and lines that express themselves within one in little starts and stillings and thrills and shivers are frequent. All the verses throb with a strong pulse of energy, and send their electric charges far deeper than the apperceptive sense of mere æsthetic pleasure. There's an organ tone in the music, a dignity, a majesty and a strain of protest struggling with inevitably necessary resignation which give one not infrequently a semblance of the sensations that welled up in one at the first reading of "In Memoriam." Indeed, this is very noticeable towards the close wherein the "testimony of the suns" sinks to the same nothingness as "the oracle of the bottle" in Pantagruel and to the "tinkling of the camel bell" in Burton's "Kasidah of Hadji Abdu el Yezdi." There are other good poems in the book. But it couldn't

help being a book of true poetry, for is it not dedicated to Ambrose Bierce, the cynic sage and critic who was for so many years the Rhadamanthus of the literarians of the Pacific Coast, and himself a singer and brief fictionist, the former, with a Kiplingism ante-dating Kipling, and the latter with an imagination that challenges that of Poe.



Decline of the Serum Craze.

THAT would be great news, if true, which came out of Buffalo the latter part of last week. It is to the effect that scientists who have been making a special study of cancer since 1899, under the patronage of the State of New York at the University of Buffalo, have proved that cancer is a parasitic disease and infectious, it having been transplanted and reproduced in perfectly healthy animals. Further, there has been discovered an antitoxin or serum which, in cases not too pronounced, will cure the disease. The disease in animals has been cured by the administration of a serum prepared in the Buffalo laboratory. The newspaper dispatches go on to say: "Experimentally considered, the questions of the cause of cancer and its absolute curability are settled facts. What remains now is the application of the results of animal experimentation to the cure of the disease as it exists in the human being." In other words, the great news fizzles out at the point where it would be news. There is no cure yet for cancer in the human being. The dispatches, after asserting a cure, turn on themselves, or rather, take the essence of news out of the matter by a statement that "crawfishes," thus: "The success of these experiments, extending over a considerable length of time, and many cases, leads to the hope and belief that some means is near at hand whereby a similar serum to that used in experiments on mice will be found which can be applied to human victims. The changes which are brought about in the tumors in the mice are similar to those which have been already found in man, and the fact that cancer patients have occasionally been known to recover spontaneously shows that there is apparently no discrepancy between the conditions found in man and those observed in the mice." The italics are mine. Now, the chances are that the secret of cancer has not been discovered at Buffalo. A recent review of the cause and treatment of cancer in the London *Lancet* set forth the fact that there had been no advance in the inquiry. There were printed statements of equal authoritativeness from investigators setting forth that the disease is parasitic, and is not parasitic, that it is curable, and that it is not curable, that it is infectious, and that it is not infectious, that it is contagious and not contagious. The further fact is that the promise of a cancer serum comes with no force at all to medical men. The serum craze has died out. Serum therapy is gradually being relegated to fakirs. There are three or four sera for each ailment—and that's sufficient to condemn them all. If there be a serum cure for a disease there must be only one. All the transfusion of disease cultures so called proves nothing, the fact is that whatever may or may not be the case of experiments upon animals there has been found no serum cure for men, and the deliberate judgment of thinking physicians is that all the sera, lymphs or whatever they are called, are delusions, and Pasteur and Koch and others have failed to justify their claims. A most eminent physician talked to me lately in this strain. "What about diphtheria?" I asked him. "Is it not proved that the serum has cured that disease in thousands of instances?" He replied, "No, it is not proved," and

I asked then, "Why the cures?" His reply was, "Diphtheria cures have been frequent because the doctors have let the disease alone, to a greater extent than ever before. The serum treatment has the merit of being the least possible interference with the disease, that's all." There are, I am told, many physicians who are getting ready to revolt against the serum fad. They say that it has been overdone in whatever good it possesses, that it has been made the prolific source of fakery, that it has killed more people, if the facts were known, than it has cured, and that the sum total of all investigation seems to be a strong hint that, aside from the practically demonstrable benefit of treatments with medicine that acts upon the liver, the kidneys and the blood, and the revelations that have been made by seeing the inner works of man through surgery, the best treatment for all disease is as little interference as possible from doctors, and plenty of fresh air and sunlight for the patient. The reaction against serum is even stronger than the reaction against "surgery at the drop of the hat." So-called new medical science is being tested by a careful survey of its results in great numbers of cases, and it doesn't stand the test as well as has been thought it would. Disease is not so virulent as it was, because people live cleaner than they did, they are better nurtured—and because the physician is not only losing the old-time almost religious faith of his patient, but is himself becoming convinced that he is presumptuous in his interference with the "in'ards" of men and women.

♦♦

Political Arithmetic.

POLITICAL arithmetic hitherto has consisted of addition, division and silence, but latterly there has been added here the rule of three—Cella, Adler, Tilles.

♦♦

The Suburban Stock Issue.

THE St. Louis & Suburban Railway Company is about to issue \$1,500,000 new stock. This will enlarge its capitalization from \$2,500,000 to \$4,000,000. The majority shareholders have ratified the plan. Nothing is said, of course, of the rights and wishes of minority holders. The minority stockholder in "progressive" corporations nowadays has no rights that need be respected. Even the courts, with but few exceptions, are disposed to regard him as a *quantite negligeable*. The \$1,500,000 new St. Louis & Suburban stock is to be sold for the purpose of providing funds to cover general improvement work. The lines in St. Louis County are to be double-tracked. Within the city, the unbeautiful alley through which the line runs from Vandeventer to Hodiament is to be beautified in such a way as will please the popular sense of art and beauty and be a very extensive and striking advance of the New St. Louis idea in practical shape. This is gratifying as an indication of a tendency of aestheticism and business, idealism and high finance to get together, but the question with most people who are interested in Suburban securities is: "Will this enlargement of capitalization redound to the financial benefit of the Suburban Company?" The directors think, or rather hope, it will. They may be right, and they may be wrong. Sometimes a stock increase is well justified. In the majority of cases, however, it does not lead to pleasant or profitable results. If the proposed increase in the capital stock, which, by the way, is the second in the last few years, helps to swell the company's revenues sufficiently to permit of a dividend payment on all the stock, neither the minority shareholder, nor the outside critic, will be inclined to heap

censure upon the heads of the directors. It is intimated that the new stock will receive 5 per cent dividends. Nothing is said about the old stock. Would the company's management venture to pay a dividend to holders of the new shares and nothing on the old? It does not seem likely. It would be unprecedented as well as unjust, and would practically create a preferred stock. In recent times, there were rumors, ever and anon, of an approaching dividend on Suburban stock. At present, however, there seems to be no particular enthusiasm among holders of the shares, which have declined very sharply in value. Would dividends be justified? Judging by the amount of fixed charges, they would not. Annual interest payments amount to about \$320,000. If the new stock were to be placed on a 5 per cent dividend basis, the annual payments would rise to almost \$400,000. Now, don't you think this is a pretty good financial load for a comparatively small system to carry from year to year? All of the outstanding 5 and 6 per cent bonds have still a good many years to run before they can be redeemed or converted into securities bearing a lower interest-rate. The present optimistic expectations of the management do not seem to rest on a very solid foundation. Besides, it is quite evident, by this time, that the future of the electric street railway business is not as financially bright and safe as enthusiasts were disposed to believe a few years ago. The constant improvements rendered necessary by public demand, legislation, and general business policy, do not make dividends on the shares of such corporations as much of a dead sure thing as has been, and still is, imagined in this burg and many other cities. It was only a few weeks ago that the consolidated electric street railway system of Boston was compelled to stop the payment of dividends on its shares. Neither the stockholders of the Suburban nor of the United Railway systems—and, by the way, there is absolutely no hope now of a consolidation—need delude themselves with the notion that they have made a gilt-edged investment. When the population of St. Louis has reached the one million notch, the ratio of operating expenses to gross revenues will be found to have remained very much the same as it is now, and there is no telling what troubles may arise meanwhile in the way of legislation or elevated or subway competition. Holders of St. Louis street railway securities are not to be envied as much as some people imagine.

♦♦

Niedringhaus and Busch:

"TOM" NIEDRINGHAUS spiked the investigation gun in a jiffy. His explanation of the guarantee of the deficit in his funds as State Committeeman is clear and straightforward, and palpably true and honest. His enemies have been made ridiculous. Those who tried to betray him are shown to have been liars. His vindication of even the semblance of wrong-doing or misrepresentation is overwhelmingly complete. So far as concerns Mr. Adolphus Busch and his part in the guarantee the action needs no defence. Mr. Busch helped Mr. Niedringhaus, his friend. Mr. Busch was, and is, a Roosevelt Democrat, and never professed anything else. Furthermore, he was, and is, a personal friend of the President. What he did he did openly. The fact was well known. There is nothing questionable in the whole transaction, and especially nothing that reflects upon the cleanness of Mr. Niedringhaus' victory in his party's senatorial caucus. Mr. Busch appears in his usual role, helping his friends substantially in a pinch, and saying nothing about it. Out of the situation Mr. Kerens

emerges as a sneak and a snitch, a bad loser, a bolter without courage to bolt, a disgusting and contemptible squealer after his defeat in a square game at which he was past-master.

♦♦

General Service Graft.

EXHIBITORS at the World's Fair are being villainously treated by the General Service Company in their efforts to get their goods away. The service isn't good service, and isn't in any sense general. Delay is a delight to all the company's minions. It protracts the period of their jobs. The details whereby delay is accomplished are diabolically vexatious. And the man in a hurry to get away with his wares is confronted on every side with the outstretched itching palm. Rotten inefficiency and lack of system are rampant at the World's Fair grounds, and every other exhibitor in interest has a hint or open complaint of graft and shake-down and hold-up. The Bureau of Expedition is the least expeditious institution in the whole wide world, and the last impression of the city upon many exhibitors and their employees is simply annihilative of every good impression received before.

♦♦

Beauty, Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed.

WE have read from time immemorial of the female form divine, but just what was or is that form no one has known. Even the classical Venuses in the museums of Europe are unsatisfactory in their measurements—although it freezes the soul in a man to think that beauty can be measured by a tape, poured out in measure, weighed on a scale. We are told that there is no perfect female form, that it exists only in the imagination, at least, we were told this by mathematical aesthetes who laughed at Heine for falling down and worshipping in tears the Venus of the Louvre and at Gautier for adoring that other miracle-melody in marble, the Hermaphrodite in the same palace of art. But now comes a Mrs. Kathleen—how's that for a spelling?—May—why not Maie or such?—Joyce, who claims to be a "perfect model," and as such posed before a New York jury—though not in the altogether—and won a suit for her employers. Her physical measurements are:

Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Weight, 154 pounds.

Bust, 36 inches.

Waist, 25 inches.

Hips, 43 inches.

Back, 15½ inches.

Skirt length, 43 inches.

There you have it, just as you have the measurements of the Parthenon, just as you have the dimensions of Brunelleschi's dome in Florence, just as you have the figures for any work of art. Still it is not altogether convincing. I don't think that the particular female form divine that delights you or me or any one of a hundred of us will fit into those measurements. There must be many of us who will repudiate the standard; and, besides, what of those measurements anyhow? They don't count as against a dimple that you know of, or a little upcurl of a lip that I know, or a mole that another man sees always in a certain place when he thinks of beauty. Why, if two men love the same woman, both do not love the same thing in her or of her. Each sees some beauty different from that which charms the other. Of course, men who like to take their opinion, and even their sweethearts, upon authority will go around measuring the ladies with their eyes before they venture upon a compliment, not to say a proposal. As for me, and most men, I think we shall proceed

to continue to accept beauty subjectively, regardless of measurements, and to blaspheme the professional beauties who are acclaimed on the stage or in society because they have certain correspondences to the requirements of the mensurationists of the beautiful. And yet we shall not be happy, for though these measurements give us a certain standard of beauty which prevails in New York, whereby to reckon beauty in the provinces, we are reminded that even though a perfect model have the dimensions described, there may be flaws to dissipate the charm. For no less an authority than the New York *Sun* has said that all women are bow-legged. Yes, all women. "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so." But, worse than this, the *Sun* says women are knock-kneed. Can this be true? One might ask by what authority the *Sun* speaks, but that were vain. The girl in the gymnasium or at the public bath may be cited in proof, but this will not do. Married men, as a rule, refuse to answer the question, because if they said that women are bow-legged and knock-kneed, they would be considered as aspersing their own partners, and if they claimed other bases for their assertion, they would have still more trouble with their wives. Of course bachelors can have no voice on the subject. They can't know; hearsay is not acceptable testimony, and though guessing is interesting and exciting, it produces not what the philosopher would call "an infallible motive of certainty." The *Sun's* assertion is challenged, but, unfortunately, the negative of this proposition is much harder to prove than the positive. We cannot leave it to the ladies. They won't tell. Can we judge from the limbs we see on the stage? No. Why? Well, because the selectors of stage shapes probably seek out the freaks, those who are not bow-legged and knock-kneed, and then again, stage figures are not what they seem. I fear the issue is one that cannot be settled. But it is terrible to think that a woman may fill all the measurements, and be, as the cloak model above declared herself, and as her employers declared her to be, "perfect," and as a jury decided her to be, and yet be a whited sepulchre—bow-legged and knock-kneed. I had rather she were cross-eyed. And to think that all women are so; that this thing may be predicated of Helen, Diana, Cleopatra, Agnes Sorel, Mary Stuart, Louise de la Valliere, Eugenie, Victoria,—of the "daughters of songs and of stories that life has not wearied of yet: Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores, Felise and Yolande and Juliette." It is awful to contemplate, but this is the age of disillusionment, and maybe the statement is true. It may be, indeed, that this bow-leggedness and knock-kneedness are the price of those other beauties of form that are visible. Maybe the bow-leg and the knock-knee are the conditions upon which alone perfection of form are based. Maybe bow-legs and knock-knees are pretty—on the right people. I'm sure that if one's best girl turned out to be bow-legged or knock-kneed he'd not admit it even to himself, or if he did, would say that it was an added charm of the strange or the unexpected—if he said anything at all. There must be some ground for such an assertion in such a pontifical paper as the *Sun*. I am inclined to think that there is truth in it. Pretty women are probably knock-kneed or bow-legged, or even both, just as every rose has its thorn. I wonder if it be not because of this condition of woman's underpinning that it is invariably the case that a pretty woman's stockings are always wrinkling down in spite of supporters and garters. But there, again, we are confronted with the problem of proving the proposition. Still, it is a tempting question. Ah, me! Well, let us hope that while we may say "*Ignoramus*"

our doom is not such that we can add "*et ignoramus*." Some day, we may know.



Newspaper Race Tips.

NEWSPAPERS, one or two in this city, continue to publish daily tips on the races. Would they advertise a faro game, a poker game, a crap game, a shell game? Would they invite their readers to smoke opium or snuff cocaine? Would they publicly pander for a house of ill fame? They would not. Why, then, do they pull for the race gamblers? Because there are so many gamblers? Are gamblers so desirable an element of the population that the papers should try to increase their number? If the newspapers do not or will not see the utter depravity of their course in touting for the book-makers the State should pass a law making it a misdemeanor to print racing tips. The daily newspaper's racing tips are the best feeders of the race gambling game. Newspaper proprietors are usually decent men. They wouldn't act as cappers for a faro bank, a sure thing poker game or a loaded dice game. How do they salve their consciences on the matter of touting for the racing game?



Phipps' Boom.

MILLIONAIRE PHIPPS' determination to endow New York with model tenements means more than all of Carnegie's library endowing. Let the people live cleanly, with plenty of air and light, and the remaining good of life will surely develop. When we think of the men and women who have developed out of the slums, and in spite of physical and moral unsanitariness of surroundings, what may we not hope from the people living in homes that will neither cramp nor starve the body nor blight the soul with gloom and squalor.



The Law's Technique.

OUR United States Supreme Court has reversed the case of Senator J. Ralph Burton of Kansas, convicted of taking pay for his senatorial services in the Washington departments to get-rich-quick concerns. He is freed because when he received his check at Washington in the mail it didn't constitute a payment at St. Louis. All that need be said on this technicality is said by dissenting Justice Harlan, that the court sacrifices substance to form. Our law, high and low, is getting too technical. But then, none of us knows when a technicality like those against which we thunder in speech and writing may save ourselves from some injustice. There can't well be law without forms and adherence to forms is the best way to equalize consideration of substance.



Teachers' Pay.

THERE'S a bill in our city Council to increase the pay of firemen. Sure! Increase the pay of all public servants, from the President of the United States down to the constable. That is the policy that will get the best men, and that will most effectively strengthen the minor officer against temptation to loot. But the most important public servants we have are the *public school teachers*. They are the makers of the future Americans. They are molders of heart and brain and soul. They are abominably underpaid for the hardest kind of work, not only the women teachers, but the men. There is no greater disgrace to American methods than our treatment of our teachers.



"Life" and the Theater Syndicate.

MR. METCALFE, theatrical critic of *Life*, and the best in the business, has been barred from all the forty-seven syndicate theaters of New York for his

criticism of the management. I think that Mr. Metcalfe has insisted too much on the Jewishness of the syndicate, but, however that may be, if the New York shows are as bad as Mr. Metcalfe's criticisms in *Life* show them to be, he should be grateful to the syndicate for preventing him from seeing them, and, moreover, I rejoice at the incident, for it makes Mr. Metcalfe mad, and that means that there'll be rich reading on his page in *Life*. Then, too, while the syndicate may win temporarily over Mr. Metcalfe, in the end all the press will get at the syndicate, and it will have to become decent or burst.



Villon's Ballad of Good Counsel Against the Ladies

By Charles Algernon Swinburne

NOW take your fill of love and glee,
And after balls and banquets hie;
In the end ye'll get no good for fee,
But just heads broken by and by;
Light loves make beasts of men that sigh;
They changed the faith of Solomon,
And left not Samson lights to spy;
Good luck has he that deals with none!

Sweet Orpheus, lord of minstrelsy,
For this with flute and pipe came nigh
The danger of the dog's heads three
That ravening at hell's door doth lie;
Fain was Narcissus, fair and shy,
For love's love lightly lost and won,
In a deep well to drown and die;
Good luck has he that deals with none!

Sardana, flower of chivalry,
Who conquered Crete with horn and cry,
For this was fain a maid to be
And learn with girls the thread to ply;
King David, wise in prophecy,
Forgot the fear of God for one
Seen washing either shapely thigh;
Good luck has he that deals with none!

For this did Amnon, craftily
Feigning to eat of cakes of rye,
Deflower his sister fair to see,
Which was foul incest; and hereby
Was Herod moved, it is no lie,
To lop the head of Baptist John
For dance and jig and psaltery;
Good luck has he that deals with none!

Next of myself I tell, poor me,
How thrashed like clothes at wash was I.
Stark naked, I must needs agree;
Who made me eat so sour a pie
But Katherine of Vaucelles? thereby
Noe took third part of that fun;
Such wedding-gloves are ill to buy;
Good luck has he that deals with none!

But for that young man fair and free
To pass those young maids lightly by,
Nay, would you burn him quick, not he;
Like broom-horsed witches though he fry,
They are sweet as civet in his eye;
But trust them, and you're fooled anon;
For white or brown, and low or high,
Good luck has he that deals with none!

Landlords, Rents and a Million People

By James P. Daddles

“DOWN with rents” is a cry much heard in St. Louis these days. There is justice in it, though I don't think that rents should come down quite so much as some people think. There are not nearly so many “for rent” signs as there were before the Fair, and yet nearly all the Fair contingent has left town. If houses and flats were plentiful there wouldn't be so much building in the outlying parts of the city as is now going on. The rent signs are appearing most numerous in the less desirable neighborhoods, in the houses that have been neglected in the heart of the city for years, the houses that paid big profits in rents long ago, the houses belonging to estates that are being neglected.

This question of rents in St. Louis is an important one. Rents are higher here than in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. They are higher here and one gets less for his money. I was reading the other day an article in *Harper's Weekly*, by Sidney Brooks, in which he makes comparisons between the accommodations in flats in London and New York, and it struck me that the St. Louis house or flat is often almost as far behind the New York house or flat as is the London article. In New York, says Mr. Brooks, the average flat is always piped and wired for both gas and electric light, and all the necessary fittings are provided by the landlord and are part of the attractions of the flat as a going concern. A tenant in New York, I take it, would as soon think of renting a flat without window panes as one in which he was expected to provide his own apparatus for lighting. And, in addition, there would in a New York flat be radiators in all the living rooms as a matter of course, two ranges in the kitchens, one for coal in winter and the other for gas in summer, a stationary wash-tub, a built-in refrigerator in the larder, and everywhere where it is possible to have a cupboard, a cupboard would be found. In London, Mr. Brooks declares, candelabra and gas brackets have to be provided by the tenant, who takes them away with him when his lease is up, or sells them to his successor. If you want extra lights you have to pay for the wiring as well as for the sconces; if you want a gas-fire in one of the rooms you have to pay for the piping and the asbestos. A flat-house in New York supplies all its tenants with hot and cold water, steam-heat and electric light.

Now the St. Louis flat is never furnished in any such fashion, though the rent is relatively to the size of the city, the crowding, and to the location of the establishment, higher here than in New York. In Chicago you can rent a house or a flat in neighborhoods similar to the well-to-do sections of St. Louis at much less than you can get it here, and you'll have gas fixtures, electroliers, closets and cupboards, window shades and other things thrown in. When you rent a house in St. Louis it is hard to get anything done. The landlords kick at putting up new paper or cleaning old paper. They seem to dread new paint worse than poison. They have never heard of such a thing as furnishing light fixtures. There are a few real estate agents, who are landlords, too, that try to do something for their tenants. Mr. M. P. Hynson, for instance, has startled the city by throwing in gas and electric fixtures, window shades, etc. The

Gerharts are “knocked” by some of their rivals for doing so much for tenants as to spoil them. There may be one or two other progressive agents and landlords, but most of them regard the tenant as an enemy and therefore legitimate prey. It's desperately hard to get anything fixed after you're once in a house, and the latter day leases seemed to be framed solely with design to “dump” all the expense of even the triflingest repairs on the tenant.

Every one who has rented in any other city will tell the inquirer that there is no place in the country where so much is exacted of the tenant, in proportion to what he receives in the way of accommodation. Of course, in the matter of exclusion from the natural right of all men to a home because one has children, the renter in St. Louis is not quite so badly off as the renter in New York or Chicago, but the prejudice against renting to persons who have children is growing in St. Louis and it is likely that there will soon be an increase of race suicide in this city as a result. I don't blame landlords in St. Louis for the way they raised rents during the Fair, as it

was only a case of supply and demand, with the latter far in excess and room consequently at a premium, but what they are blameable for is their holding to high rents without giving accommodations, under normal conditions, such as can be obtained in other cities for smaller rents, not only relatively, but actually.

Property owners who build to rent in this city do not figure that the best way to make money off tenants is to give them accommodations and conveniences and to cater to their needs in the way of small improvements and repairs, thereby keeping their tenants for longer periods. They should get away from the idea that all that is necessary to the situation is that a tenant should get only a bare four walls. Some of the latterly constructed flats are an improvement upon those of half a dozen years ago, but they are still far behind the flats of New York and Chicago in the matter of all the conveniences that are “thrown in” with the walls, ceilings and floors.

If we are to have a million population, the landlords must bestir themselves in the matter of giving the coming 300,000 better homes to live in and at more reasonable rates of rental. The landlord who gives the people most for the least money will have more tenants and the best tenants. If they make palpably needed repairs they will not be pestered with demands for luxurious improvements. St. Louis rents are too high. The houses and flats represent a standard of living that is too low.

Jefferson City Sized Up

By Calloway Dade

INVESTIGATIONS, boodling and reforms are the chief topics of conversations in Jefferson City. There is a mania for regulation and reform that will be worse than its objects if it be not checked. But Gov. Folk is plainly the master of the situation, and so will be held responsible. Even the Republican Speaker of the House the other day introduced and secured the passage of a resolution highly eulogistic of Gov. Folk. Such a thing was never heard of before. Since then the Speaker, Mr. Hill of Butler, has been receiving many compliments from Republicans and Democrats alike.

Although Mr. Folk is the orb around which a majority of the members of the Legislature revolve, he has given no outward evidence that he feels the importance of his position. Seemingly, he is always seeking advice from men whom he trusts, and then doing exactly as he pleases. His advent in Jefferson City was not so conspicuous as that of any of his predecessors within the last twenty years. While the inaugural reception at the Mansion was well attended, and the new Governor and his wife made a favorable impression upon Jefferson City, it was different from any inaugural reception ever held in that historic building. The wives of the new State officials did not assist Mrs. Folk in receiving the guests and the ladies of the outgoing administration were rather chilly. There was talk of holding a Republican reception by and by. Personally, Gov. Folk has not changed in the least. He is just as gelidly affable and inscrutably smiling in the executive office as he was when he occupied a modest law office in the Lincoln Trust Building. The few appointments he has made have generally met with approval, particularly that of Matt W. Hall of Saline County for Warden of the Penitentiary. The St.

Louis appointments are criticised in “Jeff” as being too high class for practical politics. The suggestions made in Mr. Folk's inaugural address have practically all been formulated into bills. He can pass or kill anything he wishes.

It is plain this early in Gov. Folk's administration that he is not going to be swayed very much by advice from anyone. If he has a confidant that fact is not known here. The leaders in his campaign for the gubernatorial nomination have all been up with the exception of ex-Gov. Stephens, and there is plenty of evidence to show that Folk has kept every one of them guessing. As a consequence, sure tips as to what Gov. Folk will do to-morrow or next week are away below par. No Governor of Missouri ever exerted so powerful an influence over the Legislature as Gov. Folk does at the present time. Under present conditions, he could drive any measure through with practically no opposition. This may not last long, but it is certainly worth considering as long as it remains an established fact.

Legislators distrust one another. They are all suspicious of everyone and everything. They are ready to jump at anything that smacks of reform. They are on the verge of a panic all the time. The House is ready for a stampede the minute corruption is mentioned, and the Senate is but little better. The professional lobbyists have avoided Jefferson City. Railroad passes, for the first time in forty years, are not to be obtained in Jefferson City. There are a few hangers-on looking for lobby provender, but the indications are that they will be starved out within ten days or evicted for non-payment of hotel bills. A year ago none would have believed that such a thing could come to pass at the State Capital of Missouri.

Jefferson City itself has changed. The poker rooms have been closed. Not a saloon in the city will sell a drink on Sunday. Even the bath houses and the barber shops are locked up at midnight Saturday night and not re-opened until Monday morning.

There are not many old members in the Legislature. The House more nearly resembles a Good Roads convention than a Legislative body. Whiskers are in great abundance in the House, a matter that may arouse the ire of the Barber's Union later on. There are no Populists in the House, however, but there are a great many farmers, and they give every evidence of being men of good understanding and intentions. Among the older members of the House who have made reputations in former sessions are Major Bittinger of St. Joseph, Dr. Pettijohn of Linn, Harrington of Adair, Whitecotton of Monroe, Conkling of Carroll, Smith of Franklin, Dorris of Oregon, Atkinson of Ripley, Connor of Buchanan, Dr. Tubbs of Gasconade, Simmons of Shelby, Steel of New Madrid, Spangler of Clark, Gillespie of Boone, Silver of Cole, Woods of Howard, Dawson of Lincoln, O'Donnell of St. Louis, Speer of Osage, Haines of Saline, and Casey of Kansas City. The new members of the House who thus early give promise of obtaining legislative fame, are Bickley and Grace of St. Louis, Sorsey of Marion, Dryden of Jackson and Wamsley and Moss of Kansas City. The Speaker, Mr. Hill, is a new member, and he has already made something of a name and fame for himself. He is a man of fine appearance, and will no doubt, make a very good presiding officer. Just now he is new at the business, and having so many new members to handle, his task is a difficult one. It is evident that he feels the importance of his position, but this is not regarded as detrimental in the least to his usefulness as a good presiding officer. Mr. Grace, one of the new Republican members from St. Louis, having introduced the resolution to investigate Thomas K. Niedringhaus, is just now a man of much prominence. He "didn't know it was loaded," and he is a piteous figure. All the politicians snicker at him. This session is the end of Grace, sure, for the result will mark him as a party traitor.

Mr. Wamsley of Kansas City has not received much attention just yet, but presently the public will hear from him. He has introduced bills to prohibit the docking of horses' tails, and to prevent the working of blind horses. These humanitarian measures will be certain to attract attention, and bring Mr. Wamsley congratulations from the best men and women in the State, to say nothing of bouquets and verses from tender-hearted maidens.

Among the new Democratic members of the House, Mr. Dryden of Jackson County, successor to the late Col. John T. Crisp, is regarded as a man of great promise. He is a splendid speaker, and possesses the good judgment of knowing when to stop.

Lieut.-Gov. McKinley, by virtue of his office, presides over the Democratic Senate. His position is an awkward one, to say the least, but he is making the best of the situation. He has been shorn of all the functions of his office that the courtesies of former Senates accorded every Lieutenant-Governor. Although given ample provocation for showing the power of the gavel, he has not availed himself of this important prerogative, but has made his rulings with the greatest fairness. He bids fair to be a model presiding officer.

Of the new Senators, two or three of whom have had experience in the House, McAllister, Avery, Kinney, Gardner, Reichmann, Wornall and De Vil-

bliss are already coming to the front, and much is predicted for them. Kinney is the new Democratic Senator from St. Louis. He is Chairman of the Committee on Penitentiary and Reform Schools, and a member of the five following committees: Private Corporations, Municipal Corporations, Labor, Mines and Mining, Justices of the Peace and Engrossed Bills. This is regarded as quite a compliment to a new member. And Kinney is so delightfully different from his newspaper reputation that he is a popular hit. His move to compliment his friend, Charlie Lemp, with a vote for United States Senator put him up in "G" with those who like a man who sticks to his friends.

There are some pretty solid men in the Senate among the old-timers, among them being: Dickinson, Fields, Dowell, McIndoe, Clark, Young, Sartorius, Nelson, Farris and Morton. The last two

are under suspicion of being too slick to be wholly straight. Nelson is a racing syndicate tout.

Bills of all descriptions are now pending. Dram-shops, race tracks, wine rooms, and in fact everything which comes under police regulation is receiving an unusual share of attention in the bills already pending, and many more will undoubtedly follow. Most of these measures are presented by men who are serious. The corporations will be up against it hard, judging from measures submitted. For example, Simmons of Shelby, a member of the House, proposes to tax every corporation 25 cents on each \$1,000 of its capital stock for the purpose of constructing highways in the country. In other words, he wants the cities to build the country roads, for if his bill should become a law, most of the tax, which he estimates at \$260,000 a year, would come from the large cities.

The Lady and the Baccarat Tiger

By Percival Pollard.

AS long as we have with us the ladies—God bless 'em! as we said in more courteous and toasting days—there need be no fear that the general reading public will not eventually have all the little mysteries of human life explained. Some things there are, despite the advance in frankness that we have made since the days of Thackeray's lament, that mere men still prefer not to consider as subjects for literature. Not, at any rate, for anything save avowedly medical literature. But, say the ladies, a pest on this reticence! Whatever is human is also fit for humanity's consideration, to say nothing of the individual's profit. All things human, therefore, may be treated. It is all in the treatment. And the ladies—again a toast, if you please!—do know the delicate methods so exquisitely. They prove that reticence has been a mixture of cowardice and clumsiness. So they advance upon the hitherto secreted corners of our houses. Each corner of the bedroom is robbed of its mystery, to say nothing of each crevice of the bed. I hesitate to mention the only apartment in the house that is so far uninvaded in literature; I shudder to think how short the time before that, too, is a tale that is told. And I wonder if the chief chorus on that day will be of envy that one did not do the thing oneself, or of admiration for the finesse with which the trick is accomplished. For surely, in this our enlightened age, one should not think of condemning any of these efforts in the veracious chronicling of all things human. Surely not. That were to impede artistic progress, to be ungallant to the ladies, and to deprive the public of its right to publicity. Do we not clamor for publicity about our Trusts? We must welcome, then, any new touch of publicity about hitherto secreted details in our life.

All hail, therefore, to the writer who shows us the thoughts and physical sensations of a husband whose wife has been led into what is politely termed a misstep. Can you picture a finer subject? Should not the medical journals be jealous?

But our author begins at the beginning. We are shown the erring wife as she is actually committing her error; we are all but placed on a level with those delightful French "agents of morals" who have the fashion of opening the door upon the flagrant deliction itself. The lover plies the lady with

wine; he gets her into a condition where she hardly knows what she is doing—and, in the morning, he has lunch with her. Then follow some of the sensations of our heroine, who, in the absence of her husband, has allowed his place to be temporarily filled.

She felt ill, desperately, miserably ill, with her fevered tongue and cracked lips, and some horrible, horrible memory that she could not put away. She remembered, for instance, the night she had heard voices in the room next to hers. She had gone to the manager and said she could not sleep next to these people, he must give her another apartment! He had given her another apartment. It was a shoot of agony, almost physical, when she remembered, when she wondered if the people next to her

You see how childish and cowardly the author of "Baccarat" makes us feel! Why have we never before described, in detail, the little scenes we so frequently see enacted in our palaces of lobsters and ladies? Why have we not put into fiction the pleasant fellows who ply their damsels with drink in public places and disappear with them to private places? Careless of us not to have seen what a fine subject for elaboration those scenes were. To describe the advance being made in the lady's intoxication, the exact temper of her sensations as she walked upstairs, the exact topography of the house itself, as "their rooms were in the same corridor"—all this was ready to our hands, and we rarely, outside of the divorce and criminal courts, used the fine material! Well, we know better now. The author of "Baccarat" has given us a seduction scene that must rank with some of the nicest things the ladies have yet done for us. There was that jolly little episode of the siren who seduced the gentleman who had no legs, *Sir Richard Calmady*. Admirable page, yet not more admirable than the pages on which we see, in the book now under consideration, a French *croupier* plying a wife with champagne and then attaching horns to the head of the absent husband.

Yet all this is mere introductory. Just a little foretaste of the fine things in store. After all, we have had seductions before; they are old stories. But the sensations of the husband after, having forgiven his wife and left the lover alive, he comes to realization of the fact that his wife is in an interesting condition—have we had those sensations, to their lowest physical degree, set down for us before? In lay read-

ing, not medical? I have cracked the whip over the literature of at least three languages for a fairish number of years, but I do believe that the author of "Baccarat" is a pioneer on this point. Where have we had lovely sensations like this before?

What he saw was the spirit of the Belgian croupier fouling his home. He had impregnated the poor woman with his seed, and until she was free from it, she was all deformed and tainted, and gradually grew horrible to him. . . . The air about her was tainted. Not by her, but by that which she carried. . . . The Belgian was out of his reach, but his seed was here and would soon burst into poisonous blossom. Julie would be released from that which was draining her life, this horrible tentacle thing that held her, and tortured her, but which must drop from her soon. . . . He saw now, always, and always more plainly, that yellow Belgian, who lived, and smiled his cursed smile, and knew what he knew. . . . If her nightgown slipped, and the slender throat was exposed, and John would put his hand up to cover her, to care for her in momentary forgetfulness in a love that had not died, the stained fingers were there before him. . . . He could not separate her from the man who had been her lover. What had occurred between them? How

was it—? . . . He would not father the bastard she would bear. . . .

Surely it is now obvious to you how delicately this author has unveiled for us some of the mysteries of the bedchamber. Other authors have, as I said, given us the wife who sins. Others, in story and in play, have left the husband forgiving, as in "Rebellious Susan," and many another modern instance. But the physical sensations of the husband—no, heretofore we have shied at that revelation. Now, however, the way is open for further progress. Our impolite literature, not publicly circulated, told us long ago the sensations of a member of the oldest profession in the world; our medical libraries have long held pages that the polite do not peruse; but now the barriers are down, and we can follow in after the lady who let them down.

Whither will she lead?

But one chamber remains—will she enter it?

Yes, I suppose some will say "Baccarat" is strong. And Gorgonzola also.

Blue Jay's Chatter.

My Dear Jenny Wren:

THE town is getting quiet, Jane. All but Florence Kelley, that sprightly New York girl that I've mentioned several times. I hope she'll stay six months, if only for the pleasure that she gives me by shocking all the dear, proper little girls in town.

Now, Jane, you needn't draw your brows together and look so darned disapproving. You know that, except for the cafe crowd, that neither you nor I know at all except by sight, we are as slow-going as a cart-horse, and that nobody ever does the least thing in the way of side-stepping. I fondly hope and pray that you will acquire a few real nice Bohemian ways in Paris this year. If you don't you are hopeless, Jane, now that's a positive fact. And there's more good material in your small blonde head, my dearest ducky, than in forty others that I might mention, so mind you come home thoroughly reformed, and broadened, or I won't notice you. At least try to learn how to handle a cigarette like Florence Hayward, won't you, only don't go it too strong. You know it was she who made Dr. McGee put up the "no smoking" sign in the Anthropological section at the Fair. Florence is such a dear blue-socking—quite unlike "Tek" Bernays, who's also liberalistic in opinion, but my! so prim as to performance. Then the other Hayward girl, Mrs. George Niedringhaus—oh, the Niedringhauses are all the cheese now—is gifted exactly like Florence. Things seem to be coming the Niedringhaus way just now, for just as ruddy "Tom" gets the U. S. Senatorship, I hear that the stork is hovering over the home of the Alden Little, the mistress of which was, you remember, Blanche Niedringhaus, married last April.

We're dull and stupid because many of us don't travel any, Jane, and when we do get aboard a train, we always go to the same old places, like Magnolia in the summer, and Palm Beach in the winter, where one can only view society from the outside unless she belongs to the multi-millionaires. What I mean is, that we don't ever get a chance to see social life in other cities during the real season, when things are in full swing.

I don't know more than four or five girls in all our set, and the sets before and after us, who ever go to New York or the big Eastern cities and visit somebody like the Astorbits. Irene Catlin is positively the only one that comes to my mind now, and if you'll allow me to rise and remark, she's the most broad-minded girl in society and knows more about the how and the wherefore than the whole of Vandeventer and Westmoreland girlhood put together. But Irene seems to wait in vain to be asked to visit at the White House in return for her entertainment of Alice Roosevelt last summer.

The Hitchcocks in Washington were really responsible for Irene's coaching. It's a mighty good thing to live next door to important people, Jane, so choose your place of residence carefully when that migratory family of yours gathers itself together again. The Hitchcocks and the Catlins were neighbors for years, and so when the H. girls went to Washington they promptly invited Irene to visit them and she met Alice Roosevelt and no end of other girls of wealth and position in the East. So she's always on the go, and as a result she has broadened and improved more than any girl in town. I don't make a single exception, Jane, not one. God knows that Vandeventer Place bunch needed improvement. It's such a frosty bunch. If you dropped an ice down one of those girls' backs she'd yell "Fire!" sure, as Gardie McKnight puts it—and he's one of 'em distantly removed. I never became so fond of Irene as last summer during all that Roosevelt slush and the toadying that went on. She kept her head perfectly level, my dear, though 'tis hinted the role of hostess to Sweet Alice was quite trying, and not the slightest suspicion of snobbishness nor patronage nor anything else that is nasty and ill-bred ever made its appearance, and you can just bet that my estimate of the Catlin stock went way above par and stayed there. Women who have traveled have the manner. There's Mrs. Joseph D. Lucas, now, who was Miss McLaran, she has it, and by the way, there's a widow that's beginning to "take notice" once again. They even say whom she notices, but of that later, perhaps.

But the little Kelley; she's the greatest ever.

Whether dear Mrs. Morrison will survive this visit is a matter of grave discussion among the O'Fallon Delaneys, the Lindsays, the Charles Clarks, and the rest of Mrs. Don's devoted friends. George Loker, who is almost, but not quite, as intimate in the Morrison household as Captain Corkery, told me with an expression of combined amusement and horror, that on the afternoon of Mrs. Morrison's reception when little Kelley first twinkled into town, she came up to our "first society leader" during a lull, gave her a resounding slap on the shoulder and chirruped:

"Brace up, Grandma! Brace up and be a sport!"

Is it any wonder that the estimable George was shocked, though his eyes twinkled when he told me about it.

The other afternoon at Mrs. Charles Clark's luncheon, Florence gathered a crowd of buds around her and proceeded to tell them "things" about New York society. One of the racy bits was to the effect that the girls all wear short socks when they go to dances. Now, Jane, that's the actual truth—I mean that's what Kelley said. Judith Hoblitzelle's eyes nearly fell on the floor, so Ada Davis told me, as she said in a horror-stricken voice, "But suppose that you should fall on a slippery floor or something!"

And Little Kelley just purred softly, smiled and replied, "My dear girl, that's what the socks are for." I'll bet Judith swooned away after that blow. And wouldn't you have given your last dollar to have seen the other girls' faces? You can't phase the Kilpatrick girls, though. They have trotted round a bit, and they're awfully well up on things. Louis is so pretty this winter. You probably remember her as merely a little girl, but her year in New York developed her wonderfully, and she has a poise that is very nice and easy for so young a girl. Elise is very popular, and has been ever since she came out.

Speaking of falls on the dancing floor, little Kelley took a tumble herself the other night. I can't seem to remember whether it was at Julia Maffitt's cotillion or else at the St. Louis club *table d'hote*, but it was before I'd heard that socks story, so I wasn't on the watch—for socks. But I did see a display of red silk hosiery and small red satin slippers that nobody would have suspected, for she wore a black spangled dress. Wasn't that cute, Jane? I tell you it takes brains and lots of 'em to be able to think of things as *chic* as that. It wouldn't occur to a girl in St. Louis, now would it? And even if it did, our fond pa-ri-ents wouldn't let us elucidate said idea. Heigh ho! Again I give large thanks for little Kelly.

Eugenie Papin and Charlie Thomas were married last Wednesday, on the worst day you ever beheld, my dear. It rained cats and dogs and sleeted and generally finished up the whole weather repertoire, and was so entirely and utterly bad that the superstitious must have been washed away. Eugenie looked very happy and delightfully pretty. The Thomas family is one of the best and oldest in Missouri, so I hear, and they—Eugenie and her husband—don't expect to live in Belleville at all, but will build a pretentious mansion in Berlin avenue when they get back from Cuba. Nobody stirred out of doors last week for four or five days, it was so terribly stormy. Fine chance to begin one's spring shirt waists and to take a turn at repairs. It takes all my time, however, to keep my laces fresh and my stocks clean and respectable. St. Louis grows dirtier every year, it seems to me. But we all get used to this dirt, eventually. And we're all in the same boat, so what's the diff? Oh, yes, there's nothing in that phoney jewelry story about Mrs. Dave Francis, senior. Just deny it in Paris, as

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you'd deny an engagement, you understand. You're expected to deny such things, always. But I want to know more than anything else, just now, what ailed Clarkson Potter's dress shirt front the other night at the Olympic. He came with Mrs. Potter, who was that lovely Amy Holland. Don't you remember her? Or, I expect not, as she never made a debut, but went straight from boarding school to the altar and became the bride of one Potter—there are two, my dear, which is why I mention the matter.

Well, Amy, who has a young baby, hasn't been anywhere for ages and the other night she sat between Ralph McKittrick and Charlie Moore and had a lovely time as the men were jollying her lots, you know. Clarkson was on the inside, and between acts he evidently thought he needed attention and encouragement, and not getting any, went out. When the curtain was up, back he hiked, and my dear, I shudder to state the awful condition of his shirt front. It must have been made of some soft stuff, for it was creased and rumpled and mussed beyond recognition. How do you suppose it ever happened? Now, mind you answer this. I find that you never pay any attention to my questions and I'm soon goin', to stop asking them.

The engagement of young Fanita Duncan to a clerical assistant of your old pastor, Doctor Niccolls, has caused more talk than anything else in town this week. Fanita is such a child, barely eighteen I hear, and wasn't to come out for at least another year. I don't know her at all, as Guildford, the brother who married pretty Daisy Aull, is the only one of the family that has the honor of my acquaintance. But it seems that nobody gave thought to the attachment that grew up like a mushroom between the minister and the child. Sounds like a novel, doesn't it? The Duncans are great Presbyterians and devoted to the Second Church, so they took all Fanita's zeal in Sunday school matters and the like, as very fine and daisy for a young girl. Oh, these attractive young ministers! What crimes will they have to answer for some day! Fanita's man is named Dobson, and he comes from Pennsylvania, I believe. Has feathered his nest well, too, as the Duncans are very well off and have only this one daughter and Guildford.

Another engagement that may interest you concerns the Browns and the Stegalls. Young A. C. Brown, who is also Alanson, like his father, is engaged to a pretty Southern girl who is kin to the St. Louis Stegalls and has the same surname. Young Brown is the one who was so much admired by the masses because he put on overalls and worked in his father's shoe factory just like any five-dollar-a-week factory hand, you know. This all happened several years ago, and I hope by this time that he has been promoted to an office where the grease won't be so much in evidence when he comes home to his wife's dinner parties. The Paul Browns, too, are coming out strong lately. Mrs. Paul is seen everywhere and you bet that she sees that she's seen, especially by the reporters. Your old friend, Alby Watson Stegall has become very much domesticated and I haven't laid eyes on her hardly, since she married. Another young woman who has dropped out of things social since her marriage, is Mrs. Charlie Michel. She was that dashing brunette, Marie Von Phul, don't you know, and awfully smart in every way. Nobody hears of her now, except Charlie, I guess. They are living here, having come over from Cincinnati. I met her in a street car not long ago, and thought her quite as pretty as ever and not so stout. Lucille Hopkins has gone to New York to buy things for her trousseau, which I'll be bound will be a pretty one. She is to marry Melville Martin, whoever he may be, from the

town of Greater New York, just before Lent, though the cards are not out yet. Lucille dresses very well, as all the Hopkins girls do. Mrs. Goodman King I consider the best dressed woman in town, and didn't she just shine by contrast at the Fair last summer! She gave the visitors, foreign and domestic alike, cards and spades on the question of clothes, and her taste is exquisite. Then she is so pretty. You know Mrs. King is one of my hobbies.

We have been compelled to read another re-hash of that terrible Blair business, Jane, really the whole miserable story over again in all the papers. I can't understand why Mrs. Blair, who is living in some New York suburb, where she has bought a home, couldn't have let the two hundred thousand insurance go—some insurance company contested, you know—for she has at least one hundred and fifty thousand now, and anybody might manage to worry along on that, don't you think? She has had to go into the New York courts and the whole thing is stirred up again, with small chance of her getting it in the end. But maybe I'd do the same thing if in her place. One can never judge about another's point of view, my dear. I realize that more and more every day.

You know a few weeks ago I wrote you something about Edwina Tutt's sort of retirement from society and that everybody thought she must be up to something or engaged? Well, it seems that she has been getting ready to go on the concert stage, professionally, Jenny Wren, just think of that! She has a splendid contralto voice (we have all known that for some time), but that one of our crowd should really take up music seriously, and announce that she's for rent on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, just like Melba and Schuman-Heink and all the other celebrities, is really too daring and splendid for words, isn't it? We are all awfully surprised. She and Mary Pearson have joined—they are a 'team,' isn't that what they call it in the vaudeville world?—and the other night at the Charless Cabanne's—dear old couple they are, but I wonder what's become of Virginia who was Mrs. Alex Kayser, divorced and re-married in New York—they came out and had on the programme their office hours and when patients—I mean patrons—would be received and what dates were open. Isn't that perfectly lovely and independent? I wish father would let me do something—give monologues or ballet dancing, but he won't. But then I'm not nearly so clever as those girls. Mary Pearson you don't know, I guess. She is a pianiste—note the 'e,' Jane—that's what you are when you're way up in G—and I simply go crazy about her playing. Carrie Cook Preetorius once told me that whenever Mary Pearson played, she—Carrie—always had the most delicious cold chills all up and down her spine, and I just up and said that Mary must be a real genius then, for only geniuses give you feelings like that. And Car-

rie's spine is pretty well embedded in adipose tissue, my dear. But Mary inherits her musical tastes. Her uncle was Lester Crawford, the first president the Apollo Club ever had, Jane, and the one who did more for that bunch of singers than can ever be estimated. Mr. Crawford was a man of musical tastes way down to his patent leathers, and he knew every musician on top of this green earth. The Apollo never used to get gold-bricked on their artists in his day as they do now. I see that Charlie Wiggins, the present incumbent, is back from Mexico, so that I have hopes for the next concert. Mr. Wiggins is nothing if not energetic, and keeps the Apollo boys close to their scales. I spoke just now of the late Lester Crawford. My dear, the talk of the town is the reformation of Lacey Crawford. He's quit the race track, don't plunge at anything, and is thoroughly domesticated at last. And speaking of reform, though dear, generous Lacey never was *real* bad, you'll be surprised to hear that "Charlie" Turner has left St. Louis for good. Poor "Charlie!" He got an awful dose, what with the boodle exposure and the other things that didn't explode. The dose made him a better fellow, I think, rather humanized him. People are improved by different things. There's Ed. S. Robert, now. Marriage has improved him. He used to say that he might marry Mrs. Judge Madill—the Judge always *was* good to Ed—but he wouldn't live in that house on the boulevard. Well, he lives in the house all right enough, which shows that he hasn't the "iron will" he is credited with.

The Cabanne musicale last Saturday night was "small but select." It was really no end good of Mrs. Cabanne to get up the affair for those two girls, Pearson and Tutt, or shall I say "Tutt and Pearson." And she not only paid them in the coin of the realm, but invited some smart rich people to hear them—folks who might be expected to purchase their music for similar purposes—the Hirschbergs, the Van Blarcoms—who are not so badly broke on Rock Island and Mexican Central as we've been told—the Malinckrodt, Miss Lindsay, who is to St. Louis what Miss Leary is to New York, you know, Robert Brookings, who ought to entertain more in that gorgeous house of his, and some others. I didn't go, as the night was terribly cold, but Mary Clark tells me that Tutt sang splendidly, and that her voice, which is very like Jessie Ringen's, only not so well trained, of course, is deep and full of fine tones. Pearson, Mary said, played with soul.

Which is a good thing, Jane, if you don't part with too much soul after awhile. How do you "artists" manage about that, anyway? Do you tear your heartstrings in twain every time you appear before the crowd, and then go behind scenes after it's all over and eat a hot roast beef sandwich with gusto—and mustard? This soul business is beyond me, anyway, and I'd like the opinion of an expert like yourself.

And speaking of sole, reminds me that the St. Nicholas has put in a new restaurant a la France, and that I'm due there in just about four minutes to eat that same small fish a la Marguerite, a la 'Sam Davis' pocketbook. He and Mrs. Sam are giving a luncheon to the debutantes this afternoon. They are entertaining a great deal since their marriage. Really believe that matrimony has improved Sam, if there could possibly be a room for such a thing. They do say that Julia Knapp took on awful about his marriage to Emma Whitaker, and Sa Lees Kennard, too, though it may be all the tongue of envy. So I'm off and here's my love to you.

BLUE JAY.

KISSES

WHEN I my dear one kiss, 'tis all
Most fitting, sweet and natural,
As blossoms ope, or rose-leaves fall.

But when she kisses me, I vow,
I always knit a puzzled brow,
And wonder—what she's up to now.

Town Topics.

Nugent's

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The Sea-Madness

By Fiona Macleod

I KNOW a man who keeps a little store in a village by one of the lochs of Argyll. He is about fifty, is insignificant, commonplace, in his interests parochial, and on Sundays painful to see in his sleek respectability. He lives within sight of the green and grey waters, above which great mountains stand; across the kyle is a fair wilderness; but to my knowledge he never for pleasure goes upon the hills, nor stands by the shore, unless it be of a Saturday night to watch the herring-boats come in, or on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a word with a friend.

Yet this man is one of the strangest men I have met or am like to meet. From himself I have never heard word but the commonest, and that in a manner somewhat servile. I know his one intimate friend, however. At intervals (sometimes of two or three years, latterly each year for three years in succession), this village Chandler forgets, and is suddenly become what he was, or what some ancestor was, in unremembered days.

For a day or two he is listless, in a still sadness; speaking, when he has to speak, in a low voice; and often looking about him with side-long eyes. Then one day he will leave his counter and go to the shed behind his shop, and stand for a time frowning and whispering, or perhaps staring idly, and then go bareheaded up the hillside, and along tangled ways of bog and heather, and be seen no more for weeks.

He goes down through the wilderness locally called "The Broken Rocks." When he is there, he is a strong man, leaping like a goat—swift and furtive. At times he strips himself bare, and sits on a rock staring at the sun. Oftenest he walks along the shore, or goes stumbling among weedy boulders, calling loudly upon the sea. His friend, of whom I have spoken, told me that he had again and again seen Anndra stoop and life handfuls out of the running wave and throw the water above his head while he screamed or shouted strange Gaelic words, some incoherent, some old as the gray rocks. Once he was seen striding into the sea, battling it with his hands, smiting the tide-swell, and defying it and deriding it, with stifled laughter that gave way to cries and sobs of broken hate and love.

He sang songs to it. He threw bracken, and branches, and stones at it, cursing; then falling on his knees would pray, and lift the water to his lips, and put it on his head. He loved the sea as a man loves a woman. It was his light o' love; his love; his God. Than that desire of his I have not heard of any more terrible. To love the wind and the salt wave, and be forever mocked of the one and baffled of the other; to lift a heart of flame, and have the bleak air quench it; to stoop, whispering, and kiss the wave, and have its saltness sting the lips and blind the eyes; this, indeed, is to know that bitter thing of which so many have died after tears, broken hearts and madness.

His friend, whom I will call Neil, once came upon him when he was in dread. Neil was in a boat, and had sailed close inshore on the flow. Anndra saw him, and screamed.

"I know who you are! Keep away!" he cried. "*Fear faire na h'aon sula*—I know you for the One-Eyed Watcher!"

"Then, said Neil, 'the salt wave went out of his eyes and he knew me, and fell on his knees, and wept, and said he was dying of an old broken love. And with that he ran down to the shore, and lifted a palmful of water to his lips, so that for a moment foam hung upon his tangled beard, and called out to his love, and was sore bitter upon her, and then up and laughed and scrambled out of sight, though I heard him crying among the rocks.'

I asked Neil who the One-Eyed Watcher was. He said he was a man who had never died and never lived. He had only one eye, but that could see through anything except gray granite, the gray crow's egg, and the gray wave that swims at the bottom. He could see the dead in the water, and watched for them; he could see those on the land who came down near the sea, if they had death on them. On these he had no pity. But he was unseen, except at dusk, and in the gray dawn. He came out of a grave. He was not a man, but he lived upon the deaths of men. It was worse to be alive, and see him, than to be dead and at his feet.

When the man Anndra's madness went away

from him—sometimes in a week or two weeks, sometimes not for three weeks or more—he would come back across the hill. In the dark he would slip down through the bracken and bog-myrtle, and wait a while among the ragged fuchias at the dyke of his potato-patch. Then he would creep in at the window of his room, or perhaps lift the door-latch and go quietly to his bed. Once Neil was there when he returned. Neil was speaking to Anndra's sister, who kept house for the poor man. They heard a noise, and the sudden flurried clucking of hens.

"It's Anndra," said the woman, with a catch in her throat; and they sat in silence, till the door opened. He had been away five weeks, and hair and beard were matted, and his face was death-white; but he had already slipped into his habitual clothes, and looked the quiet, respectable man he was. The two who were waiting for him did not speak.

"It's a fine night," he said; "it's a fine night, an' no wind.—Marget, it's time we had in mair o' thae round cheeses fra Inverary."

Prosit!

By Archibald Reed M. D.

MAN is by nature prone to alcohol, and some individuals are more prone than others by virtue of that accidental variation which obtains throughout the animal and vegetable world, and is the basis of evolution according to the Darwinian theory.

Now, excess is injurious, and the more alcoholic die sooner than the less alcoholic, and consequently the use of alcohol tends constantly to racial sobriety by the elimination of the drunkards and the survival of the fittest, who transmit their moderate tendencies to their children.

It follows that the longer a race is exposed to the action of alcohol the more sober it becomes.

Hence attempts to promote temperance by abolishing or diminishing the supply are really schemes for the promotion of drunkenness, because they tend to the preservation and perpetuation of the more alcoholically inclined who would otherwise die out.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

CROOKED JUSTICE.

St. Louis, January 12th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The ideal form of government would be that of a benevolent despot, or words to that effect, said Aristotle, or no, maybe it was Plato. We've got it. What's the matter with our Mayor, Rolla Wells? Look at him. He files charges against Building Commissioner Heimbarger, through the Mayor's secretary. Then he formally presents the evidence his Secretary gathered to himself as judge. He is informant, prosecutor, jury and judge, all in one—a veritable *Pooh Bah*. And this community stands for this sort of thing. Where is the idea of justice? Mayor Wells is a good man, and indeed, so good that, as Private John Allen says, he might actually be elected the next time he runs, but he's a farce as a *Pooh Bah*, Lord High Executioner, and the proceedings of himself before himself in support of a charge brought by himself are unextinguishably comic—to everybody but the victim, who, in this case, happens to be Heimbarger. Such justice stinks worse than limburger.

Truly, etc., BARNACLE.

FROM A TEACHER.

St. Louis, January 12th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I have seen your article to-day on the pay of public school teachers. It is good. Keep it up.

I am a kindergartner—see that that is in there all right—and I know whereof I speak. Listen. This salary question needs airing.

I say, in all sincerity, we have a fine system here in St. Louis, and this Board has done wonders in comparison with the old one, but there is much to be desired.

Some years ago—I cannot give you dates—salaries were cut temporarily 10 per cent, with the promise of restoring them as soon as possible. About four years ago we got back the 10 per cent, and about two years ago we got a 2 per cent raise, which, at least, shows the good will of the Board. But here is an epitome of the situation from a personal standpoint, I am still, after 20 years' hard work, I am drawing the munificent salary of \$780 a year, which means \$65 a month! How would you, Mr. Editor, like to live on that, and support your mother, too? Out of that I spend at least \$15 a year on books, pictures, frames, plants and other necessities for the school room. Some one will say, I am not compelled to this expenditure, and that is true, strictly speaking, but one has pride in one's work, and—*noblesse oblige*. Can you understand why I haven't a bank account?

It is preposterous to expect an intelligent person to live and do school work, as it should be done, on less than \$1,000 a year. Just think of the mental and physical force necessary for eight hours' daily contact with strenuous, precocious Young America. I trust your agitation of this question

will be productive of good, and that soon. Respectfully, TEACHER.

HORSE CLIPPING.

New York, January 8, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Some weeks ago you printed a paragraph in your "Reflections" against horse-clipping in winter. I see in a recent issue of the *Sun* of this city a letter about this which is interesting and quote from it.

"The theory of clipping horses is this: When nature provided them with an extra thick coat for winter it evidently had never occurred to the good old lady that the horse might need to take off his overcoat when he was put to work. Now, when he is put to fast work or the ordinary gait of pleasure or delivery wagons in this condition he is sure to sweat so profusely that first he weakens himself by so much sweating, and, secondly, it being next to impossible to rub him dry before he gets into a chill, he is subjected to pneumonia and kindred diseases from sudden congestions, while if he is blanketed too heavily to prevent taking cold he continues sweating to the point of weakness.

"Now, the blessedness of clipping is that it enables the horse to take off his overcoat when he goes to work (for after clipping a second blanket is put on to take the place of the thick pelt or natural overcoat), and in this condition he rarely perspires at all, or if he does he easily dries out under his blankets and continues in a warm, healthy glow after his work. Experiment has shown that clipped horses do not need to be fed so heavily as their unclipped brethren, and are freer from scratches and other skin diseases.

"Of course clipping is not recommended for heavy draught horses, which are seldom driven off a walk or worked to the point of perspiration. Nature's provision is all right for them."

I sign myself as the author of the *Sun* letter signed himself, simply, HORSE LOVER.

ARABIC BOOKS.

Wagoner, I. T., Jan. 9th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Will you please tell me where I may obtain a beginner's book in Arabic?

Very truly yours, G. A. W.

HE KNOWS.

City, Jan. 12th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I know who "Blue Jay" is that chatters so chipperly in your paper. She is the sister of the *Globe-Democrat's* "Old Politician." BASIL PURDY.

QUESTION OF MORALS.

Louisiana, Mo., Jan. 8th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

You have praised Katherine Cecil Thurston's novel, "The Masquerader." Is it not an immoral book? The woman goes on living with *Loder* after *Chilcote's* death without saying anything. She loves *Loder* before her husband's

death. Of course *Loder* doesn't live with her, bed and board, while he personates *Chilcote* during the latter's life, but he and she just "tie up" when *Chilcote* in the character of *Loder* dies, and that's not moral or decent.

Respectfully, B. D. K.

THE JUDENHETZE.

Anna, Ill., Jan. 14th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Why don't you take a fall out of the *New York Life*, for its continual Jew-baiting. It pretends to be fighting the Theatrical syndicate, but its real malevolence is against the Jews. The syndicate heads are especially accused of Judaism.

This week that paper prints with approval a letter protesting against "the

insinuation into parts that are undeniably Gentile of actors and actresses who, by reason of their visages, voices, gestures and mannerisms, can suitably impersonate only such characters as are frankly Jewish, or racially neutral or unimportant. There is scarcely a play now running in New York, says the writer of the letter referred to, in the cast of which these anachronisms are not excruciatingly conspicuous. In spectacular scenes, ballets, and the like, he thinks, the Jewish personality may not clash, and in parts actually Jewish it is, of course, entirely acceptable; but characters which in real life could not possibly be Jews ought surely to be enacted by Gentile artists. To put Jewish players, however talented, into characters and surroundings which, of

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necessity, are essentially Gentile, is an insult, he says, to the intelligence of theater-goers."

This is the Jew hate—the real thing. As well say an Irish actor shouldn't enact a Frenchman's role, a German an Englishman's, a white man a negro's, as that a Jew shouldn't play a Gentile part. As mere art then a Gentile shouldn't play a Jew's part.

The Jews have "made good" on the stage by their intelligence, their industry, their taste for mimicry—a pronounced Jewish trait, by the way, probably the effect of their effort to lose themselves from persecution in the masses surrounding them.

May be the Theatrical Syndicate is bad. Maybe its members are bad, but is their Jewish blood their first offense? Of course they are Jews, but when you obloquize other people you don't specify their religion as their dominant bad trait. Respectfully,

SCHNORRER.

GIVE IT UP.

January 9th, 1904.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

It appears from your writings that you take no stock in Mr. Lawson. You don't have to, so far as he personally is concerned, but "when thieves fall out, honest men get their dues." In this connection, what is the difference between a stolen horse and a stolen franchise? If the value of the horse is 20c, how great an expressed value in dollars do you have to have to throw a glamour over the franchise, before you can appeal to the cupidity of the people to buy some of them in common stock? If there is no difference between the stolen horse and franchise, why is it that men who pose as lecturers on morals in business are ready to become officers of the company? Respectfully,

READER.

♦ ♦ ♦

A new Depew story is going the rounds which is an amusing variation of the ancient theme of the prophet in his own country. The senator, in great haste, had boarded a Forty-second street car in New York to catch a train from the Grand Central station. To his embarrassment he found himself without a penny of change. He sought the conductor. "I am Senator Depew," he explained, "I must catch a train in four minutes, and I haven't any fare." "That won't go here!" snarled the conductor. "I beg your pardon," was the good natured rejoinder. "Here's my card. Come to my office to-morrow and I will give you \$5." "Naw. Nothin' doin'." "But I am Chauncey Depew. If you will only—" "See here," said the conductor, "it won't work. I don't care if you're Chauncey Olcott, you've got to pay your fare on this car."

♦ ♦ ♦

A recent new play was nearly ruined by an apt ejaculation from the gallery.

"Oh, I wish I could act!" cried the hero, at a critical juncture.

"So do I, guv'nor," said a voice from the gallery; and the laughter of the house kept the piece from proceeding for nearly a minute.—*Tit-Bits*.

CHORUS GIRLS' MORALS

Much interest has been aroused of late by letters published in newspapers and signed by actresses and chorus girls, discussing the conditions of the stage as they exist to-day. A letter signed "A Chorus Girl" was published in the *Sun* not long ago, and in interviews with chorus girls all the young women said the letter was a true recital of the present conditions, and some said it did not tell half the things a chorus girl endures. All were unanimous in saying that a young woman who tries to lead a moral, upright life cannot succeed as a chorus girl. She may hold a position for a short time, but unless she is willing to submit to the "regulations," as the other girls call them, she is doomed to failure. One girl said: "A good girl—that is, a girl who wants to lead a respectable life—can't succeed on the stage to-day. Of course, there are exceptions, but in the majority of cases a girl who is unwilling to submit to the grossest indignities cannot even get a position, to say nothing of retaining one. I know of a girl who recently left an opera company for this very reason. She was getting a salary of eighteen dollars a week, and supported her mother and two small sisters. The only way to put an end to these wrongs is for the press to take up the matter, and then the public would follow. Lots of girls try to make an honest living, and change from company to company in an endeavor to do so. If an actress like Mrs. Gilbert, who had great influence with the profession, would take up this question, she would get the support of hundreds of chorus girls, and the managers would have to come to terms." Another said: "The general public has no conception of the conditions of the stage as they exist to-day. These wrongs have become so serious that it will take the strongest opposition to stop them. It is only too true that unless the chorus girl is willing to submit to the requirements, and it is needless to say what these requirements are, she is bound to fail. Absolute necessity is often the cause of a girl's downfall, and the managers or their representatives are to blame."

♦ ♦ ♦

The late Senator Quay, who was afflicted with insomnia, one day announced that he had found a cure for it. "If you go to bed and find that you can not go to sleep," said he, "the thing to do is to get up and take a big slug of old rye whisky; then retire. After a proper interval, if you are still awake, get up and take another drink. If a half hour goes by and you are still awake, get up and take a third drink, and then if you are still awake take another." "And after that," queried a bystander, "what next?" "After that," said Quay, with a broad smile, "you won't care whether you go to sleep or not."

♦ ♦ ♦

Little Alphonso, Jr., had been carefully tucked into bed, had asked for his last drink of water, and was about to dream material for new questions when his mother heard, as she was

carefully and quietly folding the little garments in the dim light, "Mother, how was it I first met you?"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

♦ ♦ ♦

STORE GIRL'S "SHOPPER" TIP

To guard against wasting too much time or politeness on the shopper—the woman who always looks over the entire stock and then says she'll call again—store girls have a sort of signal code which sends a warning all along the line when one of these dreaded patrons makes her appearance in a department store. The tip is a number. "Ten forty-nine" may be the word passed along which makes the saleswomen aware of the shopper's approach. There are lots of women who make a habit of looking at all sorts of finery in the big stores, without any intention of purchasing, and they are the *bete noir* of a shopgirl's existence. The latter, unless she has had a previous experience with the particular shopper inspecting her wares, is apt to go to a great deal of trouble in the hope of making a sale, only to find out that she never had any chance of doing so. By quietly passing the signal along the bore is speedily disposed of, without suspecting the little deal that has been framed up for her.—*Philadelphia Record*.

♦ ♦ ♦

A man prominent in financial circles in New York tells of a conversation between Russell Sage and a Bostonian whom the gentleman first referred to had introduced to the veteran financier. "I have always made it my rule," said the man from Boston, "never to think of business affairs out of business hours." Mr. Sage smiled grimly. "That rule may work in Boston," he replied in his mild way, "but it would not succeed in New York. Here, my dear sir, you would soon find out that you were doing business with persons who did."

♦ ♦ ♦

Former Senator George F. Edmunds recently visited one of the mountain hamlets in Vermont where he had not been for many years. Despite the fact

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that it was near a railroad, it appeared not to have increased in size or changed a whit in thirty years. "What's your population now?" the Senator asked the local hotel keeper. "Oh, somewhere between 1,200 and 1,400." "Why, the place used to have nearly 2,000 didn't it?" "Yep, that's so. 'Tain't so big as 'twas." "Well, I guess babies aren't born here very frequently, are they?" "Oh, 'bout once."

♦ ♦ ♦

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

AT THE PLAY

BY W. M. R.

Cecilia Loftus.

Cecilia Loftus has "arrived." We have seen her before, but never at the height of her charm, as in "The Serio-Comic Governess."

The play is Zangwill—supremely sentimental, snappily smart, unreal, yet effective in its very fantasticality. Zangwill can't help dabbling both his fun and his sentiment with philosophy. There's a truth of heart and soul and brain in the little governess' passionate longing for the dual life, the craving for the fullest experience. It is a beautiful passion, though when it errs it errs terribly, but it's the only thing that saves us from "the simple life" and prevents the horror of a world all conventional, proper, correct and hideously common-sense. The longing for the dual life, for multifarious life, if you will, is the secret spring of art. And the tang of bitterness in it—even when it seizes a serio-comic governess—makes it sweet.

Miss Loftus is an artiste and a pretty woman. Oh, the youth of her, the dewy freshness. Her atmosphere is clear and healthy. She is as tender looking as the Irish love-words sound—*acushla, asthore, aroon*. Her brogue has the peat in it, and her eyes have the brightness of the Irish spirit in them, and the dim sadness of the mist overhanging the Irish hills. That old note of plaintiveness obtrudes itself in the gayety, and her sprightliness has an effect of a bursting forth from the bonds of some sad restraint. Her singing is like the far heard voice of "the little people" on "the green hills of Eire," in the haunted night. Her wit is instantaneous, and her humor asserts itself against all conspiracy of the unkind fate that befalls her foolish dream.

The people rave of her imitations of

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mme. Bernhardt and Ada Rehan. They are splendid mimicry, but they are nothing to her genuine acting self in the scenes with *Bob Maper*, or the tense interview with *Jack Doherty*. Miss Loftus carries her role far beyond any conception of it as a mere ingenue. She lifts the "comic" of the title into clean, clear comedy. Her performance has not only sympathy and sincerity; it has intellectual brilliancy. When she melts to a tender mood she does not go to an excess. Her disenchantment in the lover she had long cherished is shown without any rant. Her reproaches are simple, not wordy. She is too sorely hurt to talk much. When, later, she finds the truer heart and nobler spirit of *Bob*, who loves her even if she is a vaudeville singer, she accepts her good fortune with a wonderful archness and coyness struggling through deeper feeling, and the curtain goes down upon a most bewitching finale.

There's nothing over emphatic in Miss Loftus' work. It is simply, lucidly delightful, spontaneous. Her coquetry is quite convincing, and above all, she seems to have a perfect conception of the Hibernian spirit's singularly sudden surrender to moods, its readiness for smiles and tears not only after one another, but simultaneously.

Miss Loftus is a striking success in this play, revealing herself as more than a mimic. Her art is essentially refined, though losing nothing thereby either in ease or grace, or, where it is demanded, in the lighter forms of power.

She shines resplendent in an excellent company. Eva Vincent, as the vulgar, hot-tempered *Mrs. Maper*, is a whole evening of low comedy in herself, and she shows the vulgarity without making it too offensive. She's a good-hearted woman, is *Mrs. Maper*, but splendidly ignorant and uncouth. Julia Dean's *Marcelle*, a high-keyed role, is interesting. Herbert Standing, as the music hall impresario, is funny in the rather ancient burlesque of the "actor-r-r-r." William J. Butler's *Alderman Maper* is evenly good. H. Reeves-Smith in a calmly genteel part impresses himself on the play and the audience in quite a masterly fashion, while George S. Spencer's *Jack Doherty* is altogether unpleasant in a way which leaves you in doubt whether it is intentional or unintentional with the actor. For a small, slight play, the company is rather large, and of good quality throughout.

The Century's attraction this week should wake theater lovers from their lethargy. It is one that appeals to the best taste in the lighter dramatic.

❖

The Garrick's Hit.

The "Royal Chef," now nearing the end of the second week of its stay at the new Garrick Theater, has been playing practically to capacity business at every performance. This happy fact is not entirely attributable to the desire of the local amusement going public to become familiar with a new down-town play-house, but finds its origin in the circumstance that "The Royal Chef" is a show-piece containing much innocent

ARTISTIC

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Silverware

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Ladies Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

inasmuch as, at the rate the public is consuming theatrical offerings nowadays, few productions can safely be carried into another season.

❖

Miss Harned.

Miss Harned plays at the Olympic this week in "The Lady Shore." She didn't appear Monday night because of a broken ankle, and as the MIRROR goes to press Tuesday afternoon I couldn't see her play to pass judgment upon it. Miss Harned's art is, however, so well known that the confirmed votary of the play goes to see her without any critical incitement so to do. Her company is an excellent one, even a distinguished one, and the drama is staged in accord with the importance of the company. Of the play all that can be said is that wherever it has been seen the critics have been pleased with it as a play, and more pleased with its performance. The chief role gives Miss Harned opportunity for rather more robustious acting than most of the roles in which we have seen her. She takes Mrs. Patrick Campbell's week at the old play house, and the public will have no serious fault to find with the substitution. That the week will be "big" is beyond question, in spite of the bad

MacCarthy-Evans Cartoons.



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which are Phones Main 2647 and B 300.

start, or rather the no start at all, of Monday evening.

The Imperial theater is presenting this week an old but at this time a somewhat appropriate piece, "Darkest Russia." It is easily the most melodramatic offering seen at this house this season, and the patrons of the Imperial are not at all backward in showing their appreciation. Eva Mountford takes the leading role, *Ilda*, a Jewish girl, with considerable effect. Elmer Grandin, Ray Applegate and Claud Payton also appear to advantage in prominent parts. The piece is well staged, some of the scenes being quite elaborate.

Coming Attractions.

Next week the attraction at the Imperial will be "Only a Shop Girl," with the popular and pretty Lottie Williams in the leading role. "Only a Shop Girl" is not a new piece to St. Louisans, but it has always been favorably received here. The company introducing it this season is said to be the best ever seen in the piece. The Imperial engagement as usual will commence Sunday afternoon.

Following Virginia Harned next week at the Olympic, comes Miss Annie Russell in "Brother Jacques," a comedy which, according to all reports, has proven a big success. Miss Russell is said to be extraordinarily clever in the leading part and to be the source of considerable fun.

The "Prince of Pilsen," that gingery, laugh-producing piece, that is apparently ever welcome to St. Louis, will be the attraction at the Century next week. A first-class company is reported to be making the customary hit with this Savage production.

Next week "The Street Singer," with Florence Bindley, a talented actress, in the title role, will be the attraction at the Grand. The piece is new to St. Louis but it is recommended as good entertainment. The engagement opens with a matinee Sunday afternoon.

Coming to the Standard next week is the World Beaters Company, in extravaganzas and a full bill of specialties. The engagement will open Sunday afternoon. The remainder of this week Reilly and Woods' usually clever show will be given. The Standard patrons find considerable amusement in the burlesque and the vaudeville features.

"Did the other doctor take your temperature?" inquired the physician of his patient. "I don't know boss," replied the ducky, "I haint missed anything yit but my shoes, and dey was good ones from Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis."

During the funeral of an unpopular man in a New England village, a stranger having asked of the sexton, "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied, "There's no complaint; everybody is satisfied!"

WHIP IT OUT OF HIM

In the schools of a Connecticut town measures were recently taken to test the children's eyesight. As the doctor finished each school he gave the principal a list of pupils whose eyes needed attention, and requested him to notify the children's parents to that effect.

One night, soon after the opening of the fall term, a little boy came home and gave his father the following note, duly signed by the principal:

"Mr. ———: Dear Sir—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay."

The next day the father sent the following answer:

"Dear Sir—Whip it out of him. Yours truly, ———."—*Baltimore Herald.*

COULDN'T ACCOMMODATE

It happened in a railway station.

The baby cried and cried and cried. "Perhaps he desires his bottle," suggested a fatherly looking old party.

"He has not been raised on the bottle," cuttingly replied the handsome young woman who held the infant.

The baby's shrieks grew terrific. He made unmistakable signs that he wanted his dinner.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," said the elderly party, "but may I suggest that you—er—permit the child to—er—take nourishment?"

"This baby belongs to my sister," replied the young lady, blushing furiously, "and she won't be here for half an hour. I'm holding it for her."

An odd case of a coincidence in names is seen in Spring street, New York City. The entrance to Aaron Burr's country place, Richmond Hill, was at the corner of the two streets, and on the morning when Burr fought the duel with Alexander Hamilton he walked out of that gate on his way to Weehawken. At 235 Spring street, only a few steps from where the gate stood, Aaron Burr, jeweler, now has a shop. At 247, a few doors beyond, "A. Hamilton, builder," is doing business.

George Grossmith, the English comedian, tells of a super who went to the manager of a successful play after it had been having a long London run and demanded a raise of salary. "Sir," he said, "I have been playing my part for 100 consecutive nights with the utmost zeal and care. Don't you think I should have a raise?" "What part do you play?" asked the manager. "I am in the third act, sir," replied the actor, apparently astonished at the question. "I have to stake 20 pounds in the gambling scene." "Your claim is just," replied the manager. "Beginning to-night, you may stake 40 pounds."

William Jennings Bryan, while making his recent stumping tour, found he would be compelled to wait half an hour or more for his train. Taking a seat in the waiting room, he drew forth a cigar and lighted it. Just then a porter

Gasteam Radiator!

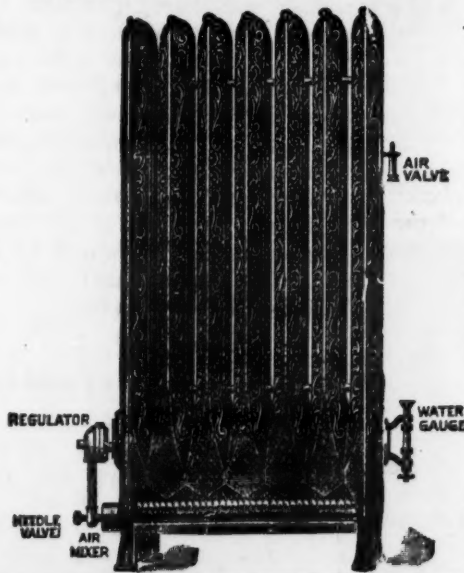
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entered, and, pointing to a sign, said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but you see that smoking is not allowed in this room." "Well," replied Mr. Bryan, "I suppose that rule is not always strictly enforced?" "Oh, no, sir; neither is the one alongside of it," said the man, with a grin. The orator glanced at it and read: "Employees of this railway are

not permitted to accept tips." Mr. Bryan finished his cigar undisturbed.

Young Widow (to partner at ball)—Mr. Crogan, I've made a wager of a pound of chocolates that you are a single man.

Mr. Crogan—Ye've lost, Ma'am. I'm wan av thriplets.

MUSIC

RECITAL AT CONRATH'S.

Students of Conrath's Conservatory of Music gave a recital at the conservatory hall, 3400-3402 Lindell avenue, last Tuesday evening. The following programme was artistically rendered and thoroughly appreciated by the select audience:

- Piano—DuetPaul
Misses Maud and Lillie Mandle.
"Valse"Beckman
Miss Aline Morgan.
"Caprice"Koelling
Miss Laura Schurr.
"Idyl"Lange
Miss Estelle Walters.
"Triumphal March"Kunkel
Miss Hulda Peters.
Vocal—"Dear Heart"Mattei
Miss Anna Schnaus.
Piano—Duet, "Rondo"Sidus
Miss Edna Wicher and
Mr. Wm. Elbrecht.
"March"Jonas
Mr. Foster Tebbe.
"Nocturne"Leybach
Miss Fannie Carson.
Duet, "Valse"Rive-King
Miss Elsa Queller and
Mr. Wm. Kaltwasser.
Vocal—Aria from "Les Huguenots,"
Myerbeer
Mrs. Louis Conrath.
Piano—"Ballade"Lysberg
Miss Frances LeRoi.
"Valse de Concert"Mattei
Miss Fern R. Seeley.
"Carmen Fantasie"Rive-King
Miss Alice Seaman.
"Polka de la Reine"Raft
Miss Elenora Goldbach.

SHUT IN

A ship-builder tells of an Irishman who sought employment as a diver in the service of one of the ship-building companies.

The first job to which the Irishman was assigned was to be performed in comparatively shallow water. He was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below.

Mike was put into a diver's suit, and,

St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF
Kuyler's
ALMOST DAILY—
HOW OFTEN DOES
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?
REPENT AND MAIL YOUR
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO
Kuyler's 716 OLIVER STREET
ST. LOUIS
EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALESAGENTS EVERYWHERE.
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Chamber

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with his pick, was sent down to tackle the ledge. For about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal-rope, indicating that Mike had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants hastily pulled him to the raft and removed his helmet. "Take off the rick of it," said Mike. "Why, what's the matter?" asked they. "Take off the rick of it," doggedly reiterated Mike; "I'll wur-rk no longer on a job where I can't spit on me hands."—*Harper's Weekly*.

LAUGHLIN'S RESTAURANT

Laughlin's restaurant, at the northeast corner of Seventh and Locust streets, is now one of the popular down-town gathering places. Business deals of the greatest importance are transacted there, and every day groups of the leading merchants of the city are to be found there at meals. Laughlin's reputation as a caterer is now greater than ever. The theater parties that patronize the restaurant are evidence of the excellent cuisine and the general satisfactory service. The orchestra, which furnishes music nightly, has become quite an attraction also.

A medical journal vouches for the following story: A woman, who was seriously ill, awoke one night to find the nurse sitting at the foot of her bed smoking a cigarette and reading a novel. Greatly startled, the patient raised herself up in her bed and cried out, "What in the world are you doing, nurse?" To which the nurse replied: "Goodness gracious! I thought you were dead!"

Mrs. C. one morning last week thought she smelled gas. Bravery came to her mysteriously and she crept down stairs to investigate. After smelling about for some minutes she rushed upstairs, called Mr. C., then shook him, and at last aroused him. Then this was heard:

"John, there's a leak in the gas pipe

in the kitchen. We'll all die if it's not fixed."

Leaks had been heard of before and Mr. C. sleepily asked:

"Is it a-leaking much now?"

"Not much!" screamed his wife, and then, as Mr. C. turned over, this soothing advice was given:

"Put a bucket under it and come to bed."—*Birmingham Post*.

Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott tells of a conversation that once took place in a friend's house in Boston in which there were discussed certain phenomena of the mind. Some one observed that it was a curious fact that no man could do one thing and think of another.

During a discussion a little girl of ten, the daughter of the host, was listening attentively.

"I can do one thing and think of another," she said.

"What is it?" asked her father.

"Well," she said, "it is very easy for me to say the Lord's Prayer and think

of almost anything else I want to. I do it every night."—*Harper's Weekly*.

During the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, Lord Charles Beresford asked a gunner if he could hit a man who was on the fort. The gunner replied:

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then hit him in the eye," said Lord Beresford.

He was surprised when the gunner inquired:

"Which eye, sir?"

A traveler, domiciling at a Far West hotel, exclaimed one morning to the waiter: "What are you about, you black rascal? You have roused me twice from my sleep by telling me breakfast is ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the bedclothes. What do you mean?"

"Why," replied Pompey, "if you isn't goin' to git up, I must hab de sheet anyhow, 'cause dey're waitin' for the table-cloth."—*Tit-Bits*.

A POSITIVE ENGAGEMENT

Mrs. Cummings was busy at her desk when Ned, an "old-time" darky who had been a servant in her family since "befo' de wah" days, approached her, and with many apologies for the interruption asked: "Miss Sally, can I git off two weeks from to-day? I has to go to town, Ma'am."

"Two weeks from to-day? Why, I think so, Ned. What are you going to do in town?" inquired Mrs. C. kindly.

"I wants to go to a fun'al, Miss Sally; a frien' of mine's gwine to be buried den," said Ned.

"You do not mean two weeks, then, Ned," returned Mrs. C.

"Yase, 'm, Miss Sally, it's two weeks from to-day, hain't dat de twenty-fust?"

"Yes, two weeks from to-day will be the twenty-first, but you must be mistaken; they could not keep the body so long except in a vault."

Mrs. C. was now thoroughly puzzled by the old darky's request and wondered what it could all mean. She knew none of Ned's "set" could afford to pay for a vault, and how could they be making arrangements for a funeral two weeks hence, with the prospective corpse still alive? The thought made her shudder.

"Well, 'm, dat de day," said Ned.

"But how can you be so sure? Suppose your friend is not dead by that time?"

"Oh, yase, 'm, he sholy will be by de twenty-fust; dat's de day he's gwine to be buried 'nless he git out befo'."

"Ned, what do you mean? When did he die?" asked Mrs. C.

"Oh, he hain't daid yet, Miss Sally, but he sholy will die, 'case he's gwine to be hung dat day, and dey'll be a fun'al all right."—*Prudence Baxter, in December Lippincott's.*

Joe—"I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?"

Jess—"You must see mamma first."

Joe—"I have seen her several times but I love you just the same."—*Ex.*

Requisite For the Toilet

Pond's Extract proves quite as necessary for the toilet as for the medicine shelf. Redness of skin is at once reduced by

POND'S EXTRACT

and the skin restored to its natural color. If arms or neck have been exposed, a brisk rub with "The Old Household Remedy" rights them. When fatigued, or as an auxiliary to the bath, refreshes like sleep. Superior for every toilet use.

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Accept no
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THE FLAT IRON WIND

The wind that blows about the Flat-iron building, New York, to the terror of femininity, still interests Gothamites, as witness this naughty but amusing account in the *Sun* of a windy day "It was a tricky, demoniacal wind that lay in wait for its victims, blew gently while they stood in the lee of the big buildings, and then, when they trustingly ventured on the asphalt, pounced upon them and did its worst. The weather man may tell you it blew west by north or south, but the shoppers knew that it blew aslant and upward from the pavement. Blinded by billows of shimmering blue taffeta blown five feet higher than its intended altitude, the victim would seek refuge on the midway platform, there to be whipped by the zephyrs at their fiercest. Flounces, with and without horizontal tucks, sailed for the sky. Every time a dozen women grouped themselves football style and made a rush for the other side of the street, they screamed in unison, and at each heartrending cry the mankind of Madison Square turned to gloat. E'en when garments were induced to stay near the earth, conditions were terrible. A fifty-mile gale can make a skirt stick far, far closer than a brother. Champagne colored hosiery, it was to be observed, has been laid aside for the present, but there is still a considerable fancy for the open-work kind. Ordinarily, however, the black browns, and grays, opaque and warm, have the run, the best having spliced selvages. There was a remarkably complete display of French flannel and albatross stuff, but at Flatiron corner it seems to matter little whether these are augmented by embroidery or lace, the display having so little stability and the critics so poor taste. At first the gloaters hid in doorways, walked slowly to and fro, or pretended to be interested in the mechanical toys on sale at the Fifth avenue corner. As their numbers grew and there were not enough nooks from which to peer in comfort, the villains lined up along the sidewalk with as much assurance as if they were paying for the privilege. When a calm fell upon the sea of lingerie they gazed at the sky, but the first whiff of a renewed gale sent them rushing toward the curb for an unobscured view. 'Oh, see the escurial applique,' twittered the dry goods clerk on his way to lunch. 'If you say that again,' said the biggest cop, 'you're pinched.' Two men from Wall street, innocent of anything except a discussion of some new industrial schemes, got in the wake of a couple of women who were in dire straits. 'I tell you,' said one of the men to the other, 'they are combinations.' 'Heavens, Minnie,' said one of the women, overhearing the Wall street remark, 'are we as badly disarranged as all that?' About 3 p. m. the police got busy with the rubbernecks. They sent them about their business (if they had any) twenty to the minute. 'G'wan, now,' was the regular command; 'you can't hang around here any more. You're here for nothin' good.' That was the best the gallant, chivalrous cops could do. They could guide the dam-

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UMBRELLAS,
PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM
FACTORY
TO YOU

Namendorf's
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**519
LOCUST**

sels in distress across the storm center and banish the wicked gloater from his vantage point, but they could not control the tempestuous petticoat, screen the fast black lisle from the cruel world, or subjugate the plaited ruffle that imagined itself an airship."

OUR SPEECH

They were enriching the English treasury of figurative speech.

"Gee, I like your work. You seem to think you'se all the eggs," said one.

"Oh, I don't know. I s'pose I carry just about as much pressure as you do," said the other.

"Is that so? Turn around and let me look at your steam gauge."

"Oh, it ain't necessary. I don't s'pose I'm no radiator, like you, am I?"

"I know what you are, Jimmy. You are a furnace, but you've got a bum draught."

"Is that so? Well, I don't see no storm doors on your face."

"No? I guess that's becuz your windows is frosty. You want to get somebody to wipe you with a hot cloth."

"Gee, you're full o' comebacks, ain't you? Where's all your medals? Got 'em on the other vest?"

"No, I can't wear 'em. I'm so hot I melt 'em. Feel o' me. I've got on asbestos underclothes."

"They tell me different."

"Yes? Well, that's very lumpy work. They tell me different. You must 'a' read that on some wrapper."

"Don't let that annoy you. No matter where I get 'em, back to you every once in awhile."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, I guess yes. You know, you ain't the North Pole. You can be reached."

"Yes, easy—but not by the boy that drives the wagon."

"Huh!"

"Huh!"

Two men went into a Boston drug-store and told the proprietor they had made a soda-water bet, and would have their sodas now, and when the bet was decided the loser would drop in and pay for them, if that would be satisfactory to the druggist. He answered that it would, and after the sodas had been enjoyed, he asked: "By the way, what was the bet?" "My friend, here," said one of the men, "bets that when Bunker Hill Monument falls it will fall toward the north, and I bet it won't."

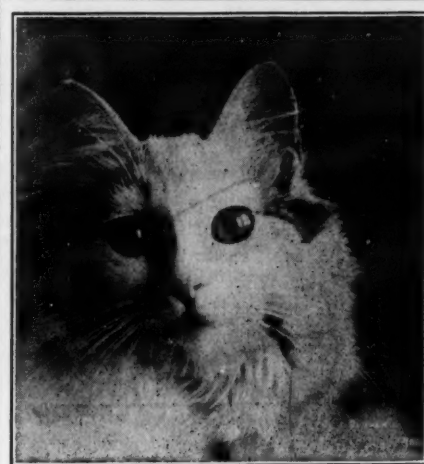


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3126-3128 OLIVE STREET

"Lest we forget,"

WE USE CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER
NOT IN A TRUST.

Father (from top of staircase)—
"Ethel, is that young man gone?"
Ethel—"Awfully, pa."

THE STOCK MARKET

The Wall street market acts peculiarly, puzzlingly. The character of trading is distinctly professional. What public interest there is, does not cut much figure either way. At least, this is the opinion of prominent brokers. Strong manipulation is still in evidence. Its scene of activity, however, changes almost from day to day. That there are lots of "wash-sales" cannot be questioned. It is patent to every speculator with his eyes and senses open. From the irregular way the market acted latterly, it would seem that the professional element has decided upon an opportunistic policy for the present. It is neither particularly bearish, nor bullish. It is simply playing both sides. The stock that is rushed up a point or two to-day, is knocked down to the same extent to-morrow. In other words, we are again in a period of "scalping" operations. The professionals have a living to make, like every other man jack of us, and if they cannot "scalp" more than a half or a point a day, they will let it go at that, rather than stand by, do nothing and draw on their bank accounts.

The syndicates and cliques, which form the power behind the Wall street throne, are evidently lying low. They may be waiting for more definite developments in the money situation, or at Washington, or in Europe. That they are in a dubious mood, is clearly apparent. But it is not determinable as yet whether, or not, they have given up all intentions of resuming bullish operations on a large scale within the near future. If they are wise, they will continue their "masterly inactivity." But, since wisdom is a scarce article in the purlieu of Wall street, it would not be surprising in the least if we were soon to be treated to another outbreak of speculative furore, under the usual auspices of more or less distinguished manipulators. While things remain as they are, the cautious trader will not be anxious to borrow unnecessary trouble by venturing into Wall street doings.

There's no particularly urgent reason in existence, or in measurable distance, why anybody of ordinary sense.

equipment should lose his head over the prospects of continued business prosperity. This prosperity hoodoo is likely yet to work an infinitude of mischief in this glorious land of "frenzied" and fatuous finance. It would seem that there is one hundred per cent's worth of value inflation for every ten per cent's worth of actual prosperity. We have been going the pace pretty fast for some years. The trader who buys Union Pacific common at current figures will doubtless make a good profit on his investment, if he hangs on to it for some years. In the meanwhile, however, he may be reasonably certain that his stock will be given a good many hard hammerings by the bear faction, and, at times, knocked down sufficiently to give him asthmatic spells. As has often been said in this place, Union Pacific common is a highly promising stock, one that should ultimately sell at a much higher price than 130. But this does not do away with the cold, clean fact that there is lots or room for improvement yet in its territory. Within the next ten years, the Union Pacific's capitalization may have reached a level quite unimaginable to the bull mind of 1905. The same reasoning may be applied to stocks of similarly situated roads.

Some years ago, say, in 1900, it was quite the fashion to indulge in tall talk regarding the brilliant future of the New York Central and Pennsylvania. The oracles of the street corner had it that there would soon be 7 and 8 per cent dividends on the shares. When the complete absorption of the Lake Shore and affiliated lines was announced, the New York Central bull was about to go into hysterics in his sanguine cogitations and predictions. He was absolutely certain that the stock would soon be sky-rocketing around 250. The Lake Shore surplus made his brain dizzy and "daffy." Yet, what do we see to-day? After a perpendicular rise in 1902 to above 170, New York Central thought fit to slide down again to less than 115, since which time it has slowly recovered to about 143. No increase in the dividend rate has yet been announced. As a matter of fact, such an act of melon-cutting seems further off now than it did in 1898. The stock continues to pay the same old dividend of 5 per cent. At the same time, the company is obliged to borrow money almost every year for general improvement work, or to cover expenditures for additional equipment purchases. Some time ago, a loan of about \$50,000,000 was made imperative in connection with terminal improvements.

Much the same can be said of Pennsylvania. This stock pays 6 per cent, or the same rate it has been paying for some years. The enormous gains in the company's net earnings, as well as several big loans, have been completely absorbed by improvement and equipment expenditures. At this writing, a report is current that the company contemplates another bond issue of \$50,000,000, or more. This is not exactly the news that bulls on the shares could wish for. Pennsylvania is

known as, and supposed to be, a first class investment stock. Great merits it has, undoubtedly, for investment purposes. But it must be borne in mind that a stock that is good as an investment is not always, or necessarily, good as a speculation. The unlucky fellow who bought Delaware & Hudson the day before the panic of May the 9th, 1901, for a (what he considered), first-class speculation, must have seen any number of bright stars the following morning, when the stock dropped perpendicularly to 106. Some of these choice investment issues have proved the pitfall and ruin of many a venturesome trader. Pennsylvania may, as they are in the habit of predicting right along, sell at 300, ultimately, and be destined to disappear from the market entirely; for the present, however, it is still below 140.

The Associated Banks made a good showing last Saturday. Loans decreased, while cash and deposits increased, and surplus reserves gained more than \$12,000,000. The weekly statement was certainly interesting and encouraging, but, at the same time, extremely puzzling. This confirms once more what has been said so often—that these statements have become practically worthless as an index to money market conditions. Interest rates in

Wall street's loan market do not as yet presage trouble. The banks continue liberal in their accommodations. Money is flowing back from the interior. Sterling exchange remains strong, however, and further shipments of gold to Europe and Japan are reasonably certain. At Berlin, sterling is moving in favor of London, but it is still drooping at Paris. This latter feature should indicate, doubtless, that Paris has been doing some heavy selling in Russian securities, and is withdrawing considerable amounts of funds placed in London in the last three years. The London financial markets appear steady and well supported, but there is no enthusiasm. The British public is averse to buying on any large scale. Neither Japanese, nor "Kaffir," nor Australian issues excite much more than perfunctory interest. Even the fall of Port Arthur failed to bring any decided relief to the hordes of bulls staggering under onerous loads of stuff bought to be "dumped" at the earliest opportunity.

Wall street is still in favor of the bull side. This is shown by the activity that follows every manipulative effort to put prices higher. So far as the outsiders are concerned, they also must be said to be distinctly optimistic in their attitude and expectations,

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though not very anxious to suit action to thought and hope. If Wall street is to have another furious bull market, the syndicates and cliques will have to give the signal, and to put their shoulders to the wheel. The outsider is ready to fall in line as soon as the tocsin has been sounded for the advance movement. In other words, it is "up to" the stock jobbers, as it ever has been under similar conditions. The industrial situation continues favorable and promising. Pig iron production shows gains from month to month, but has not as yet touched the previous high level. Will it touch it within the next few months? Who can foretell? The party in possession of the right answer to this question should or would be able to make a nice pile of money in the speculative market. Owing to the uninterrupted improvement in the trade, United States Steel issues continue firm. They rally quickly, though not very sharply, after every reactionary movement. There's an impression prevalent that if the common shares should cross 35, there would be something doing. In the meanwhile, the trader who has received his practical training of long years in Wall street affairs will be very shy about enthusing over steel issues at current quotations.

There is some vague and vacuous talk of coming affiliations or consolidations, or, maybe, "Gentlemen's agreements" among the great railroad companies. Every other day, Wall street is feeding on a new story. According to the latest gossip, the Northern Securities troubles are about ended. A settlement covering the entire *impasse* is said to be the question of only a short time. The Harriman and Hill factions are reported to be a-weary of further contentions and jealousies. All this is calculated to gladden the heart of the "insider" as well as of the "outsider." Whether it will prove important as a determining factor in the stock market, is another question. What a lot of endless, futile and foolish gab there has been about this Northern Securities case! The Union Pacific is now made the nucleus of the coming, great consolidation scheme. As soon as the present plans of the magnates have been consummated in every detail, it is supposed that the millennium will be ushered in at once. The stock jobber and the "sucker" will shake hands, call things square, and retire to their respective wigwags. Truly, a glorious, enchanting vision, this!

LOCAL SECURITIES.

A moderate business only is being done at the local stock exchange. There does not seem to be much of a disposition to operate either way, though, at times, the bulls seem inclined to take the initiative. Hopefulness still is the leading characteristic of the speculative position in St. Louis. Holders of bank stocks are particularly confident, and, as a rule, determined to hang on for much higher prices. For the present, however, the general situation remains quiet. The advance movement (if there is to be one) will,

apparently, have to be started by stimulating news from Wall street.

United Railways preferred evidenced a weakening tendency a few days ago. It is still wavering at the present time. It dropped as low as 68, but has since rallied to 69 $\frac{1}{4}$ again. Holders do not seem to be in a very hopeful mood as to the future of these issues. The common certificates are very quiet, and lower. The last sale was made at 21 $\frac{1}{4}$. At this writing, 21 is bid for the stock. The 4 per cent bonds are going at 86 $\frac{1}{2}$. For Lindell 5s 104 $\frac{1}{2}$ is bid, 104 $\frac{3}{4}$ asked. For Merchants' Bridge & Terminal Railways 5s 114 is bid. For Kinloch Telephone 6s 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ is asked.

An odd lot of St. Louis Union Trust sold at 351 the other day. Title Guaranty Trust is selling at 63, in small lots. For Third National 314 $\frac{1}{2}$ is bid, 316 is asked. The feeling on this stock is quite bullish. For Commonwealth Trust 297 $\frac{3}{4}$ is bid, 299 asked. For Missouri-Lincoln 132 $\frac{1}{4}$ is bid. For Fourth National 325 is bid, 326 asked, for Bank of Commerce 302 is bid, 306 asked.

St. Louis Catering issues are still tending upwards. The common is quoted at 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ bid, and the preferred at 65 bid. For Simmons Hardware common 129 is bid.

There was considerable activity lately in Central Coal & Coke shares. The common changed hands at 62 $\frac{3}{4}$, 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 63. For National Candy common 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ is asked, for the preferred 103 $\frac{1}{2}$. For Granite-Bimetallic 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ is bid, 40 asked. For Hope Mining 35 is bid, with none offered.

Bank clearances continue to show good gains over the corresponding weeks of a year ago. The local financial situation is distinctly bright and promising. Interest rates remain steady at from 4 to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Sterling is strong; the last quotation was \$4.87 $\frac{1}{2}$.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Stockholder, Denison, Tex.—There is mighty little prospect of resumption of dividends on International Paper common. Manipulation may put it higher, but would not counsel you to buy it in anticipation of such an upward movement. As an investment, it is not to be seriously considered.

W. W. O.—If I were you, would put a stop order on my holdings of Rock Island. Stock acts peculiarly. Hard to believe that the clique has given up hopes of putting it considerably higher. Much will depend on rest of the market.

X. X. X., Hannibal, Mo.—There's bull talk on Colorado Fuel & Iron. Outside of general trade conditions, don't see why the stock should be worth more than it is selling for at present. However, might be better for you to hang on for a while longer. Your condition not utterly hopeless.

J. H. D., Ashley, Pa.—Rock Island general 4s considered a good investment. Price too high, however, for anybody but such as have loads of money. Rock Island 5s have had a good advance, but think will yet sell at par. Atchison adjustments not very tempting.

A PARIS YEAR

I climbed the long, dim stair to you,
With heart as gay and foot as light
As bird that upward cleaves the blue
In gladness of wanton flight;
When the sun sank each day, anew,
I climbed the stair, Sweetheart, to you!

"Sweetheart" I named you when we met;

I knew you by no other name—
Lucie and Earnestine—Lizette,

A dozen beauties went, and came;
But you—you somehow seemed apart
From all the rest—you were Sweetheart!

Your garret windows framed bright squares

Of western sky. Belfry and spire—
Where bells rang out for vesper prayers,

Darkened against the sunset fire.
Never a prayer we offered—nay.
Joy was our own—what need to pray?

I see the shining brazier glow

With ruddy coals—the polished floor,
The curtained alcove, white as snow;
The mirror-shelf behind the door,
The little table, tempting spread
For two—with wine, and fruit, and bread!

You sang to greet me! Heart-aflame

I stooped to kiss you, where you sat
Bending beside your broodery frame—
Our tongues ran fast, in lovers' chat.
In lovers' laughter. . . . Ah, in sooth,

There is no laughter but in youth!

Children! I had just twenty years,

And you, sixteen—svelte, tall and fair
Your soft hair coiled behind your ears
Of sea-shell pink—and, oh, such hair!
Mine the delight to set it free—
Untwisted, sweeping to your knee!

Poor as God's sparrows, and as glad,

As brave as they, to face each dawn,
My brush and palette all I had,
Save Art's high dreams, still beckoning on,
You—but your skillful needle, and
Your ready thought and willing hand.

How brief our little year of love!

Yet true, although no priest had blest
Our vows, nor held his hand above
Our young brown heads . . . Ah,
so 'twas best—
As flowers ope, and dew-drops fall
We met, and loved—and that was all!

A little year! a little day!

Yet, my soul's past seems sweetened as
By scent of rose-leaves, packed away
With folded dreams—and hopes. . .
Alas!

I sometimes think that scent alone
Holds all the sweetness Life has known!

Fame! Was it worth the wearying days?
Wealth! Was it worth the sweat and toil?

Ah, better, fairer, the old ways
Of mirth, sweet poverty and toil—

No rest too brief—no task too long,
With springtime, kisses, tear and song!

And so, what wonder that I go
By memory's unforgotten chart,
Back, where the passion-roses blow—
Where Youth still dreams—and Love,
and Art—

Struggling the mists and shadows through,

I climb the stair, Sweetheart, to you!

—From *Town Topics*.

A CARD OF THANKS

The Sisters of St. Ann's Asylum return heartfelt thanks for the donation of money, groceries, and dry goods, received from benefactors during the Christmas holidays. They were agreeably surprised on Dec. 24, with a gift of sixty-eight infant trousseaus sent to them by the children of Mary attached to the Sacred Heart Convent on Taylor avenue. Their faith in the lowly babe of Bethlehem was manifested by the manner in which each lady arranged her little parcel. Each was tied with ribbon to which was attached a card with the name of the donor. The name of each lady will appear in "The Angels of the Crib" a little annual paper issued by the institution in May.

A New York actress who has lived abroad, will soften, sweeten and strengthen the voice—eradicating all twangs—giving perfect enunciation and modulation. Will also give thorough coaching for stage and drawing room work. Vivian Page, 3544 Page boulevard, St. Louis.

The late Bishop Beckwith of Georgia was fond of his gun and spent much of his time hunting, says a representative from that State. One day the Bishop was out with dog and gun and met a member of his parish, whom he reproved for inattention to his religious duties. "You should attend church and read your Bible," said the Bishop. "I do read my Bible, Bishop," was the answer, "and I don't find any mention of the apostles going a-shooting." "No," replied the Bishop, "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

A Philadelphia priest says he was strolling near his parsonage, and in his walk chanced to meet three lads, two of whom, altar boys at his church, were dragging the third toward the priest. "Father," said one of the altar boys, "this kid wants to be an altar boy like us." "Indeed," said the father, running his hand over the boy's curls. "My son, have you been baptized?" The child looked at him for a moment, puzzled. Then he exclaimed: "No, sir; not baptized, but I've been vaccinated."

"George," said his wife, "I've decided on a name for the baby."

"Really?" replied George. "What is it?"

"We'll call her Madeline."

"Ah!" said George, who detested the name. "I was once sweet on a girl of that name. Dear little Madeline!"

"Really?" returned his wife. "I shall call her Caroline, after mother."—*Judy*.

THE BOSS CON GAME

BY WILL PAYNE.

Two bad men went out from Chicago and in due time found their farmer. Also in due time the farmer played the stereotyped game of cards with one of them and won \$500. The money was ready; but, of course, before the loser paid he must be satisfied of the winner's ability to have paid if he had lost. The farmer dutifully trotted to the bank and drew the \$500. His \$500, along with the \$500 of the loser, was handed to the impartial stakeholder (the second swindler), who was simply to count the two packages, wrap them up and duly hand them over to the victor. This the stakeholder faithfully did, and sifted away. The losing player, however, tarried a minute—perhaps in mere amused overconfidence; perhaps because he had noticed that the farmer carried a watch which he could hardly have any important use for in his business. The farmer unexpectedly ripped open his package and found that it contained nothing but brown paper. His friend might have hit him in the eye and ran; but he did not. On the contrary, he was thunderstruck. That stakeholder was undoubtedly a double-dyed villain. The card-loser declared an unquenchable thirst for justice. His grief was so violent that the farmer tried to comfort him. They agreed to catch the rascal, who would immediately strike for the city.

The card-loser knew a matchless detective who would nab the culprit in no time and recover the money. Unfortunately, he was without ready cash, for it developed that the rascal had picked his pocket of a large sum. The great detective must be feed in advance; and the utmost secrecy was necessary. The farmer went back to the bank and borrowed \$100, which the friend undertook to forward to the detective by wire, together with full instructions in his private code. He did, in fact, go to the railroad station, for he was almost as anxious to meet the first rascal as he pretended to be, lest that story of his own loss come true.

Just before train-time the farmer appeared at the station and saw his friend on the platform. He explained, almost apologetically, that he had decided to go to the city himself; was going there anyway in a short time, and might help in the search. The friend could find no objection to that, but left him on the station platform a moment while he stepped inside. He was bustling the farmer into the coach when the farmer glanced around and plainly saw the rascal getting into the rear coach. The friend was tickled to death over this. All they had to do was to keep perfectly quiet. The great detective would meet the train in the city, nab the man and recover the money.

They chatted pleasantly on the way to the city; but a disappointment awaited them; the villain had vanished, and the great detective somehow failed to appear.

The friend was downcast; but his fighting blood rose. He proposed not only to reimburse the farmer—for they had grown friendlier than ever in their

talk—but to spend his last remaining dollar in running down the wretch who had so shamelessly betrayed them both. His means were tied up in securities, but they could realize on them as soon as the banks opened in the morning. He took the farmer to an hotel which he could recommend, and exhibited the securities—several bonds of the Russian government.

They slept in the same room, but a fresh misfortune overcame them. Some miscreant stole the Russian bonds in the night. It was very fortunate that they were Russian bonds, for there were not many of them in this country, and it would be impossible to negotiate them without detection. The thieves unquestionably knew this, so they would hold the bonds for a reward. The thing to do was to put an advertisement in the newspaper, offering a reward for the return of the bonds. The advertisement was answered with agreeable promptness. The letter said that the bonds would be returned for a reward of \$100 and promise of immunity from arrest. A young woman with two red roses on her hat would be at a certain corner, with the bonds in an envelope under her jacket. The person who wished to secure them must approach from the north with an envelope in his left hand containing the money. As he passed there would be a quick exchange of envelopes. The farmer had mentioned his friend, the commission merchant at the stock yards. Obviously there was nothing to do but go to him, borrow the necessary \$100 and secure the bonds. When the farmer returned home he related his experience.

"The young woman was standing on the corner," said he. "I walked by and stuck out my envelope, and she stuck out her'n, and we swapped. I went back to the hotel, but the fellow'd gone. There wasn't anything but a newspaper in the envelope she gave me."

The listener expressed sympathy and indignation; but the farmer complacently stroked his beard.

"And what do you suppose was in the envelope I gave her?" he asked. "Nothing but brown paper!"

He had learned at last. It was expensive; but the possession of knowledge is ever a satisfaction.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

* * *

He was ten years old, and when he slipped out of the house at daylight he left a note for his mother saying he was going West to fight Indians. A discouraging combination of circumstances, in which hunger, weariness and fear all played a part, made him think better of it, and he returned to the parental roof at 9:30 p. m. He was not received with open arms. Indeed, the family met him with coldness. The clock ticked, his father's newspaper rattled, his big sister studied obtrusively; even his mother didn't seem to care whether he came back or not. Nicodemus, the cat, not being in the secret, rose and rubbed his soft side caressingly against the culprit's leg. He stooped to pet him, and then, with a last desperate attempt to start the ball of conversation, he demanded, homesickly: "Is this the same old cat you had when I went away?"—*Argonaut*.

CHEER FOR THE CONSUMER

I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter

If you crowd me in the street cars till I couldn't well be flatter;

I'm only a consumer, and the strikers may go striking,

For it's mine to end my living if it isn't to my liking.

I am a sort of parasite without a special mission

Except to pay the damages—mine is a queer position;

The Fates unite to squeeze me till I couldn't well be flatter.

For I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter.

The baker tilts the price of bread upon the vaguest rumor

Of damage to the wheat crop, but I'm only a consumer,

So it really doesn't matter, for there's no law that compels me

To pay the added charges on the loaf of bread he sells me.

The iceman leaves a smaller piece when days are growing hotter,

But I'm only a consumer, and I do not need ice water.

My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good humor,

And it really doesn't matter, for I'm only a consumer.

The milkman waters milk for me; there's garlic in my butter,

But I'm only a consumer, and it does no good to mutter;

I know that coal is going up and beef is getting higher,

But I'm only a consumer, and I have no need of fire;

While beefsteak is a luxury that wealth alone is needing.

I'm only a consumer, and what need have I for feeding?

My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good humor,

And it really doesn't matter, since I'm only a consumer.

The grocer sells me addled eggs, the tailor sells me shoddy.

I'm only a consumer, and I am not anybody.

The cobbler pegs me paper soles, the dairyman short-weights me.

I'm only a consumer, and most everybody hates me.

There's turnip in my pumpkin pie and ashes in my pepper.

The world's my lazaretto, and I'm nothing but a leper;

So lay me in my lonely grave and tread the turf down flatter.

I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter.

—J. W. Foley, in *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

* * *

Many people when away from home find it difficult to sleep well in a strange bed, and arise in the morning with a sense of having passed a decidedly unsatisfactory night. Vice President Knowlton, of the Raymond & Whitcomb Company, who ought to know, says the trouble is all in the pillow. It's the pillow first, last and always. He has slept

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in many lands and under all imaginable conditions, and years ago came to the conclusion that with one's own pillow at hand it mattered little about the bed. On an extended tour he always takes his pillow with him, stowing it carefully at the bottom of the trunk for future reference. "If I could start life over again," he says, "I would learn to sleep without a pillow (the only proper way), but the art must be acquired during childhood. The next best thing is your own pillow wherever possible. Try it and be convinced."

* * *

"Didn't I tell you last week that I did not want you to call on my daughter any more?"

"Yes, sir; and I'm not."

"You're not! Why-er-er!"

"No, sir, I'm not. I was calling seven nights a week then."—*Houston Post*.

* * *

Doctor—"But the climate there may disagree with your wife."

Meekly—"It wouldn't dare!"—*Philadelphia Press*.



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The Southwest is really in need of nothing save people. More men are needed—**you're needed**. There are vast areas of unimproved land—land not yielding the crops of which it is capable. The same thing in a different way is true of the towns. Few lines of business are adequately represented. There are openings for mills and manufacturing plants, small stores, banks, newspapers and lumber yards. The oil and gas fields of Kansas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma are practically new and offer wonderful opportunities for development along commercial lines.

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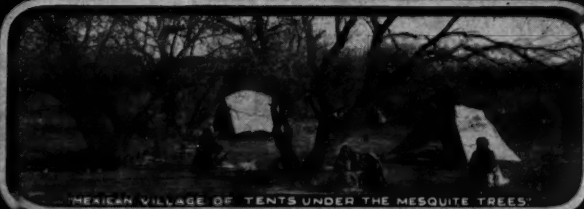
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